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{ From Beginning,
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LEON GAMBETTA.

THE fiery and vehement heart is spent
That throbbed with hope when all was numb:
the glance
That launched its lightning over wasted
France
When all her land was lying torn and rent.
Mute are the lips which as a trumpet sent
Men yet once more to dare the desperate
chance
And fling themselves upon the foe's advance
Broken like waves on iron rocks imminent.

France hangs above his couch with trembling
mouth
And widowed eyes. When morning seemed
fordone

He was her dayspring; in the later drouth
The wellspring of her hope was this her son,
Her lover and defender from the South:
She seeketh help, fearful of finding none.
Academy. C. E. DAWKINS.

SEA-SHELL MURMURS.

THE hollow sea-shell which for years hath
stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' every shifting mood.
Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool; this echo is a cheat as well,—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

THERE was a captive once at Fenestrèl,
To whom there came an unexpected love
In the dim light which reached his narrow cell
From high above.

Between the flagstones of his prison floor
He saw one day a pale green shoot peep out,
And with a rapture never felt before
He watched it sprout.

Oh such another Picciola hast thou,
My prison-nurtured Poetry, long been;
Sprung up between the stones, I know not how,
From seed unseen!

This book is all a plant of prison growth,
Watered with prison water, not sweet rains;
The writer's limbs and mind are laden both
By heavy chains.

Not by steel shackles, riveted by men,
But by the clankless shackles of disease;
Which Death's own hand alone can sever,
when
He so shall please.

What work I do, I do with numbed, chained
hand,
With scanty light, and seeing ill the whole,
And each small part, once traced, must change-
less stand
Beyond control.

The whole is prison work: the human shapes
Are such fantastic figures, one and all,
As with a rusty nail the captive scrapes
Upon his wall.

Scratched on that prison stone-work you will
find
Some things more bold than men are wont to
read.
The sentenced captive does not hide his mind;
He has no need.

Oh, would my prison were of solid stone
That knows no change, for habit might do
much,
And men have grown to love their dungeons
lone;
But 'tis not such.

It is that iron room whose four walls crept
On silent screws, and came each night more
near
By steady inches while the victim slept,
And had no fear.

At dawn he wakes; there somehow seems a
change;
The cell seems smaller; less apart the beams.
He sets it down to fancy; yet 'tis strange
How close it seems!

The next day comes; his narrow strip of sky
Seems narrower still: all day his strained eyes
sweep
Floor, walls, and roof. He's sure the roof's
less high;
He dares not sleep.

The third day breaks. He sees—he wildly
calls
On God and man, who care not to attend;
He maims his hands against the conscious
walls
That seek his end.

All day he fights, unarmed and all alone,
Against the closing walls, the shrinking floor,
Till Nature, ceasing to demand her own,
Rebels no more.

Then waits in silence, noting the degrees—
Perhaps with hair grown white from that
dread doubt—
Till those inexorable walls shall squeeze
His strong soul out.
Athenæum. E. LEE-HAMILTON.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE AMERICANS:

A CONVERSATION AND A SPEECH, WITH AN ADDITION.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

I. — A CONVERSATION;

October 20, 1882.

[The state of Mr. Spencer's health unfortunately not permitting him to give in the form of articles the results of his observations on American society, it is thought useful to reproduce, under his own revision and with some additional remarks, what he has said on the subject; especially as the accounts of it which have appeared in this country are imperfect: reports of the conversation having been abridged, and the speech being known only by telegraphic summary.

The earlier paragraphs of the conversation, which refer to Mr. Spencer's persistent exclusion of reporters and his objections to the interviewing system, are omitted, as not here concerning the reader. There was no eventual yielding, as has been supposed. It was not to a newspaper reporter that the opinions which follow were expressed, but to an intimate American friend; the primary purpose being to correct the many misstatements to which the excluded interviewers had given currency; and the occasion being taken for giving utterance to impressions of American affairs. — Ed.]

HAS what you have seen answered your expectations?

It has far exceeded them. Such books about America as I had looked into had given me no adequate idea of the immense developments of material civilization which I have everywhere found. The extent, wealth, and magnificence of your cities, and especially the splendor of New York, have altogether astonished me. Though I have not visited the wonder of the West, Chicago, yet some of your minor modern places, such as Cleveland, have sufficiently amazed me by the results of one generation's activity. Occasionally, when I have been in places of some ten thousand inhabitants where the telephone is in general use, I have felt somewhat ashamed of our own unenterprising towns, many of which, of fifty thousand inhabitants and more, make no use of it.

I suppose you recognize in these results the great benefits of free institutions?

Ah! Now comes one of the inconveniences of interviewing. I have been in the country less than two months, have seen but a relatively small part of it, and but comparatively few people, and yet you wish from me a definite opinion on a difficult question.

Perhaps you will answer, subject to the qualification that you are but giving your first impressions?

Well, with that understanding, I may reply that though the free institutions have been partly the cause, I think they have not been the chief cause. In the first place, the American people have come into possession of an unparalleled fortune — the mineral wealth and the vast tracts of virgin soil producing abundantly with small cost of culture. Manifestly, that alone goes a long way towards producing this enormous prosperity. Then they have profited by inheriting all the arts, appliances, and methods, developed by older societies, while leaving behind the obstructions existing in them. They have been able to pick and choose from the products of all past experience, appropriating the good and rejecting the bad. Then, besides these favors of fortune, there are factors proper to themselves. I perceive in American faces generally a great amount of determination — a kind of "do or die" expression; and this trait of character, joined with a power of work exceeding that of any other people, of course produces an unparalleled rapidity of progress. Once more, there is the inventiveness which, stimulated by the need for economizing labor, has been so wisely fostered. Among us in England, there are many foolish people who, while thinking that a man who toils with his hands has an equitable claim to the product, and if he has special skill may rightly have the advantage of it, also hold that if a man toils with his brain, perhaps for years, and, uniting genius with perseverance, evolves some valuable invention, the public may rightly claim the benefit. The Americans have been more far-seeing. The enormous museum of patents which I saw at Washington is significant of the attention paid to inventors' claims; and the nation profits immensely from

having in this direction (though not in all others) recognized property in mental products. Beyond question, in respect of mechanical appliances the Americans are ahead of all nations. If along with your material progress there went equal progress of a higher kind, there would remain nothing to be wished.

That is an ambiguous qualification. What do you mean by it?

You will understand me when I tell you what I was thinking the other day. After pondering over what I have seen of your vast manufacturing and trading establishments, the rush of traffic in your street-cars and elevated railways, your gigantic hotels and Fifth Avenue palaces, I was suddenly reminded of the Italian republics of the Middle Ages; and recalled the fact that while there was growing up in them great commercial activity, a development of the arts which made them the envy of Europe, and a building of princely mansions which continue to be the admiration of travellers, their people were gradually losing their freedom.

Do you mean this as a suggestion that we are doing the like?

It seems to me that you are. You retain the forms of freedom; but, so far as I can gather, there has been a considerable loss of the substance. It is true that those who rule you do not do it by means of retainers armed with swords; but they do it through regiments of men armed with voting-papers, who obey the word of command as loyally as did the dependants of the old feudal nobles, and who thus enable their leaders to override the general will, and make the community submit to their exactions as effectually as their prototypes of old. It is doubtless true that each of your citizens votes for the candidate he chooses for this or that office, from president downwards; but his hand is guided by an agency behind which leaves him scarcely any choice. "Use your political power as we tell you, or else throw it away," is the alternative offered to the citizen. The political machinery as it is now worked, has little resemblance to that contemplated at the outset of your political life. Manifestly, those who framed your Constitution never dreamed

that twenty thousand citizens would go to the poll led by a "boss." America exemplifies, at the other end of the social scale, a change analogous to that which has taken place under sundry despotisms. You know that in Japan, before the recent revolution, the divine ruler, the mikado, nominally supreme, was practically a puppet in the hands of his chief minister, the shogun. Here it seems to me that "the sovereign people" is fast becoming a puppet which moves and speaks as wire-pullers determine.

Then you think that republican institutions are a failure?

By no means: I imply no such conclusion. Thirty years ago, when often discussing politics with an English friend, and defending republican institutions, as I always have done and do still, and when he urged against me the ill-working of such institutions over here, I habitually replied that the Americans got their form of government by a happy accident, not by normal progress, and that they would have to go back before they could go forward. What has since happened seems to me to have justified that view; and what I see now, confirms me in it. America is showing, on a larger scale than ever before, that "paper constitutions" will not work as they are intended to work. The truth, first recognized by Mackintosh, that constitutions are not made but grow, which is part of the larger truth that societies, throughout their whole organizations, are not made but grow, at once, when accepted, disposes of the notion that you can work as you hope any artificially devised system of government. It becomes an inference that if your political structure has been manufactured and not grown, it will forthwith begin to grow into something different from that intended — something in harmony with the natures of the citizens, and the conditions under which the society exists. And it evidently has been so with you. Within the forms of your Constitution there has grown up this organization of professional politicians altogether un contemplated at the outset, which has become in large measure the ruling power.

But will not education and the diffusion

of political knowledge fit men for free institutions?

No. It is essentially a question of character, and only in a secondary degree a question of knowledge. But for the universal delusion about education as a panacea for political evils, this would have been made sufficiently clear by the evidence daily disclosed in your papers. Are not the men who officer and control your Federal, your State, and your municipal organizations — who manipulate your caucuses and conventions, and run your partisan campaigns — all educated men? And has their education prevented them from engaging in, or permitting, or condoning, the briberies, lobbyings, and other corrupt methods which vitiate the actions of your administrations? Perhaps party newspapers exaggerate these things; but what am I to make of the testimony of your civil-service reformers — men of all parties? If I understand the matter aright, they are attacking, as vicious and dangerous, a system which has grown up under the natural, spontaneous working of your free institutions — are exposing vices which education has proved powerless to prevent.

Of course, ambitious and unscrupulous men will secure the offices, and education will aid them in their selfish purposes. But would not those purposes be thwarted, and better government secured, by raising the standard of knowledge among the people at large?

Very little. The current theory is that if the young are taught what is right, and the reasons why it is right, they will do what is right when they grow up. But considering what religious teachers have been doing these two thousand years, it seems to me that all history is against the conclusion, as much as is the conduct of these well-educated citizens I have referred to; and I do not see why you expect better results among the masses. Personal interests will sway the men in the ranks, as they sway the men above them; and the education which fails to make the last consult public good rather than private good, will fail to make the first do it. The benefits of political purity are so general and remote, and the

profit to each individual is so inconspicuous, that the common citizen, educate him as you like, will habitually occupy himself with his personal affairs, and hold it not worth his while to fight against each abuse as soon as it appears. Not lack of information, but lack of certain moral sentiment, is the root of the evil.

You mean that people have not a sufficient sense of public duty?

Well, that is one way of putting it; but there is a more specific way. Probably it will surprise you if I say the American has not, I think, a sufficiently quick sense of his own claims, and, at the same time, as a necessary consequence, not a sufficiently quick sense of the claims of others — for the two traits are organically related. I observe that they tolerate various small interferences and dictations which Englishmen are prone to resist. I am told that the English are remarked on for their tendency to grumble in such cases; and I have no doubt it is true.

Do you think it worth while for people to make themselves disagreeable by resenting every trifling aggression? We Americans think it involves too much loss of time and temper, and doesn't pay.

Exactly; that is what I mean by character. It is this easy-going readiness to permit small trespasses, because it would be troublesome or profitless or unpopular to oppose them, which leads to the habit of acquiescence in wrong, and the decay of free institutions. Free institutions can be maintained only by citizens, each of whom is instant to oppose every illegitimate act, every assumption of supremacy, every official excess of power, however trivial it may seem. As Hamlet says, there is such a thing as "greatly to find quarrel in a straw," when the straw implies a principle. If, as you say of the American, he pauses to consider whether he can afford the time and trouble — whether it will pay, corruption is sure to creep in. All these lapses from higher to lower forms begin in trifling ways, and it is only by incessant watchfulness that they can be prevented. As one of your early statesmen said, "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance." But it is far less against foreign aggressions upon

national liberty that this vigilance is required, than against the insidious growth of domestic interferences with personal liberty. In some private administrations which I have been concerned with, I have often insisted that instead of assuming, as people usually do, that things are going right until it is proved that they are going wrong, the proper course is to assume that they are going wrong until it is proved that they are going right. You will find continually that private corporations, such as joint-stock banking companies, come to grief from not acting on this principle; and what holds of these small and simple private administrations holds still more of the great and complex public administrations. People are taught, and I suppose believe, that the "heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" and yet, strangely enough, believing this, they place implicit trust in those they appoint to this or that function. I do not think so ill of human nature; but, on the other hand, I do not think so well of human nature as to believe it will go straight without being watched.

You hinted that while Americans do not assert their own individualities sufficiently in small matters, they, reciprocally, do not sufficiently respect the individualities of others.

Did I? Here, then, comes another of the inconveniences of interviewing. I should have kept this opinion to myself if you had asked me no questions; and now I must either say what I do not think, which I cannot, or I must refuse to answer, which, perhaps, will be taken to mean more than I intend, or I must specify, at the risk of giving offence. As the least evil, I suppose I must do the last. The trait I refer to comes out in various ways, small and great. It is shown by the disrespectful manner in which individuals are dealt with in your journals — the placarding of public men in sensational headings, the dragging of private people and their affairs into print. There seems to be a notion that the public have a right to intrude on private life as far as they like; and this I take to be a kind of moral trespassing. Then, in a larger way, the trait is seen in this damaging of private property by your elevated railways without making compensation; and it is again seen in the doings of railway autocrats, not only when overriding the rights of shareholders, but in dominating over courts of justice and State governments. The fact is that free institutions can be properly worked only by men, each of

whom is jealous of his own rights, and also sympathetically jealous of the rights of others — who will neither himself aggress on his neighbors in small things or great, nor tolerate aggression on them by others. The republican form of government is the highest form of government; but because of this it requires the highest type of human nature — a type nowhere at present existing. We have not grown up to it; nor have you.

But we thought, Mr. Spencer, you were in favor of free government in the sense of relaxed restraints, and letting men and things very much alone, or what is called *laissez faire*.

That is a persistent misunderstanding of my opponents. Everywhere, along with the reprobation of government intrusion into various spheres where private activities should be left to themselves, I have contended that in its special sphere, the maintenance of equitable relations among citizens, governmental action should be extended and elaborated.

To return to your various criticisms, must I then understand that you think unfavorably of our future?

No one can form anything more than vague and general conclusions respecting your future. The factors are too numerous, too vast, too far beyond measure in their quantities and intensities. The world has never before seen social phenomena at all comparable with those presented in the United States. A society spreading over enormous tracts, while still preserving its political continuity, is a new thing. This progressive incorporation of vast bodies of immigrants of various bloods, has never occurred on such a scale before. Large empires, composed of different peoples, have, in previous cases, been formed by conquest and annexation. Then your immense *plexus* of railways and telegraphs tends to consolidate this vast aggregate of States in a way that no such aggregate has ever before been consolidated. And there are many minor co-operating causes, unlike those hitherto known. No one can say how it is all going to work out. That there will come hereafter troubles of various kinds, and very grave ones, seems highly probable; but all nations have had, and will have, their troubles. Already you have triumphed over one great trouble, and may reasonably hope to triumph over others. It may, I think, be concluded that, both because of its size and the heterogeneity of its components, the American nation will be a long time in

evolving its ultimate form, but that its ultimate form will be high. One great result is, I think, tolerably clear. From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population, will produce a finer type of man than has hitherto existed; and a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life. I think that whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and whatever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known.

II. — A SPEECH:

Delivered on the occasion of a Complimentary Dinner in New York, on November 9, 1882.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: — Along with your kindness there comes to me a great unkindness from fate; for, now that, above all times in my life, I need full command of what powers of speech I possess, disturbed health so threatens to interfere with them that I fear I shall very inadequately express myself. Any failure in my response you must please ascribe, in part at least, to a greatly disordered nervous system. Regarding you as representing Americans at large, I feel that the occasion is one on which arrears of thanks are due. I ought to begin with the time, some two-and-twenty years ago, when my highly valued friend Professor Youmans, making efforts to diffuse my books here, interested on their behalf the Messrs. Appleton, who have ever treated me so honorably and so handsomely; and I ought to detail from that time onward the various marks and acts of sympathy by which I have been encouraged in a struggle which was for many years disheartening. But, intimating thus briefly my general indebtedness to my numerous friends, most of them unknown, on this side of the Atlantic, I must name more especially the many attentions and proffered hospitalities met with during my late tour, as well as, lastly and chiefly, this marked expression of the sympathies and good wishes which many of you have travelled so far to give, at great cost of that time which is so precious to the American. I believe I may truly say, that the better health which you have so cordially wished me, will be in a meas-

ure furthered by the wish; since all pleasurable emotion is conducive to health, and, as you will fully believe, the remembrance of this event will ever continue to be a source of pleasurable emotion, exceeded by few, if any, of my remembrances.

And now that I have thanked you sincerely though too briefly, I am going to find fault with you. Already, in some remarks drawn from me respecting American affairs and American character, I have passed criticisms, which have been accepted far more good-humoredly than I could have reasonably expected; and it seems strange that I should now propose again to transgress. However, the fault I have to comment upon is one which most will scarcely regard as a fault. It seems to me that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages. I do not mean to say that they are in general unduly civilized. Throughout large parts of the population, even in long-settled regions, there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony. Especially out in the West, men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the "sweetness and light" which we are told distinguish the cultured man from the barbarian. Nevertheless, there is a sense in which my assertion is true. You know that the primitive man lacks power of application. Spurred by hunger, by danger, by revenge, he can exert himself energetically for a time; but his energy is spasmodic. Monotonous daily toil is impossible to him. It is otherwise with the more developed man. The stern discipline of social life has gradually increased the aptitude for persistent industry; until, among us, and still more among you, work has become with many a passion. This contrast of nature has another aspect. The savage thinks only of present satisfactions, and leaves future satisfactions uncared for. Contrariwise, the American, eagerly pursuing a future good, almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good.

What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counterchange — a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion

of gray-haired men; and inquiries have brought out the fact, that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by over-work, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined. That subtle thinker and poet whom you have lately had to mourn, Emerson, says, in his essay on the gentleman, that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The requisite is a general one—it extends to the man, to the father, to the citizen. We hear a great deal about “the vile body;” and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish.

Beyond these immediate mischiefs there are remoter mischiefs. Exclusive devotion to work has the result that amusements cease to please; and, when relaxation becomes imperative, life becomes dreary from lack of its sole interest—the interest in business. The remark current in England that, when the American travels, his aim is to do the greatest amount of sight-seeing in the shortest time, I find current here also: it is recognized that the satisfaction of getting on devours nearly all other satisfactions. When recently at Niagara, which gave us a whole week's pleasure, I learned from the landlord of the hotel that most Americans come one day and go away the next. Old Froissart, who said of the English of his day that “they take their pleasures sadly after their fashion,” would doubtless, if he lived now, say of the Americans that they take their pleasures hurriedly after their fashion. In large measure with us, and still more with you, there is not that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment; and this abandonment is prevented by the ever-present sense of multitudinous responsibilities. So that, beyond the serious physical mischief caused by over-work, there is the further mischief that it destroys what value there would otherwise be in the leisure part of life.

Nor do the evils end here. There is the injury to posterity. Damaged constitutions reappear in children, and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good. When life has been duly rationalized by science, it will be seen that among a man's duties, care of the body is imperative; not only out of regard for personal welfare, but also out of regard for descendants. His constitution will be considered as an entailed estate, which he ought to pass on uninjured, if not improved, to those who follow; and it will be held that millions bequeathed by him will not compensate for feeble health and decreased ability to enjoy life. Once more, there is the injury to fellow-citizens, taking the shape of undue disregard of competitors. I hear that a great trader among you deliberately endeavored to crush out every one whose business competed with his own; and manifestly the man who, making himself a slave to accumulation, absorbs an inordinate share of the trade or profession he is engaged in, makes life harder for all others engaged in it, and excludes from it many who might otherwise gain competencies. Thus, besides the egoistic motive, there are two altruistic motives which should deter from this excess in work.

The truth is, there needs a revised ideal of life. Look back through the past, or look abroad through the present, and we find that the ideal of life is variable, and depends on social conditions. Every one knows that to be a successful warrior was the highest aim among all ancient peoples of note, as it is still among many barbarous peoples. When we remember that in the Norseman's heaven the time was to be passed in daily battles, with magical healing of wounds, we see how deeply rooted may become the conception that fighting is man's proper business, and that industry is fit only for slaves and people of low degree. That is to say, when the chronic struggles of races necessitate perpetual wars, there is evolved an ideal of life adapted to the requirements. We have changed all that in modern civilized societies; especially in England, and still more in America. With the decline of militant activity, and the growth of industrial activity, the occupations once disgraceful have become honorable. The duty to work has taken the place of the duty to fight; and in the one case, as in the other, the ideal of life has become so well established that scarcely any dream of questioning it. Practically, business

has been substituted for war as the purpose of existence.

Is this modern ideal to survive throughout the future? I think not. While all other things undergo continuous change, it is impossible that ideals should remain fixed. The ancient ideal was appropriate to the ages of conquest by man over man, and spread of the strongest races. The modern ideal is appropriate to ages in which conquest of the earth and subjection of the powers of nature to human use, is the predominant need. But hereafter, when both these ends have in the main been achieved, the ideal formed will probably differ considerably from the present one. May we not foresee the nature of the difference? I think we may. Some twenty years ago, a good friend of mine, and a good friend of yours too, though you never saw him, John Stuart Mill, delivered at St. Andrews an inaugural address on the occasion of his appointment to the lord rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote. There ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and working. I felt at the time that I should have liked to take up the opposite thesis. I should have liked to contend that life is not for learning, nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance of conduct under all circumstances as shall make living complete. All other uses of knowledge are secondary. It scarcely needs saying that the primary use of work is that of supplying the materials and aids to living completely; and that any other uses of work are secondary. But in men's conceptions the secondary has in great measure usurped the place of the primary. The apostle of culture as it is commonly conceived, Mr. Matthew Arnold, makes little or no reference to the fact that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions; and Mr. Carlyle, who is a good exponent of current ideas about work, insists on its virtues for quite other reasons than that it achieves sustentation. We may trace everywhere in human affairs a tendency to transform the means into the end. All see that the miser does this when, making the accumulation of money his sole satisfaction, he forgets that money is of value only to purchase satisfactions. But it is less commonly seen that the like is true of the work by which the money is accumulated — that industry too, bodily or mental, is but a means; and that it is as irrational to pursue it to the exclusion

of that complete living it subserves, as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Hereafter, when this age of active material progress has yielded mankind its benefits, there will, I think, come a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment. Among reasons for thinking this, there is the reason that the process of evolution throughout the organic world at large, brings an increasing surplus of energies that are not absorbed in fulfilling material needs, and points to a still larger surplus for the humanity of the future. And there are other reasons, which I must pass over. In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of "the gospel of work." It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation.

This is a very unconventional after-dinner speech. Especially it will be thought strange that in returning thanks I should deliver something very much like a homily. But I have thought I could not better convey my thanks than by the expression of a sympathy which issues in a fear. If, as I gather, this intemperance in work affects more especially the Anglo-American part of the population; if there results an undermining of the physique, not only in adults, but also in the young, who, as I learn from your daily journals, are also being injured by over-work; if the ultimate consequence should be a dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions and best adapted to them, — then there will come a further difficulty in the working out of that great future which lies before the American nation. To my anxiety on this account you must please ascribe the unusual character of my remarks.

And now I must bid you farewell. When I sail by the "Germanic" on Saturday, I shall bear with me pleasant remembrances of my intercourse with many Americans, joined with regrets that my state of health has prevented me from seeing a larger number.

[A few words may fitly be added respecting the causes of this over-activity in American life — causes which may be identified as having in recent times partially operated among ourselves, and as having wrought kindred, though less marked, effects. It is the more worth while to trace the genesis of this undue absorption of the energies in work, since it well serves to illustrate the general truth which should be ever present to all legislators and politicians, that the indirect and unforeseen results of any cause

affecting a society are frequently, if not habitually, greater and more important than the direct and foreseen results.

This high pressure under which Americans exist, and which is most intense in places like Chicago, where the prosperity and rate of growth are greatest, is seen by many intelligent Americans themselves to be an indirect result of their free institutions and the absence of those class distinctions and restraints existing in older communities. A society in which the man who dies a millionaire is so often one who commenced life in poverty, and in which (to paraphrase a French saying concerning the soldier) every news-boy carries a president's seal in his bag, is, by consequence, a society in which all are subject to a stress of competition for wealth and honor, greater than can exist in a society whose members are nearly all prevented from rising out of the ranks in which they were born, and have but remote possibilities of acquiring fortunes. In those European societies which have in great measure preserved their old types of structure (as in our own society up to the time when the great development of industrialism began to open ever-multiplying careers for the producing and distributing classes) there is so little chance of overcoming the obstacles to any great rise in position or possessions, that nearly all have to be content with their places: entertaining little or no thought of bettering themselves. A manifest concomitant is that, fulfilling, with such efficiency as a moderate competition requires, the daily tasks of their respective situations, the majority become habituated to making the best of such pleasures as their lot affords, during whatever leisure they get. But it is otherwise where an immense growth of trade multiplies greatly the chances of success to the enterprising; and still more is it otherwise where class restrictions are partially removed or wholly absent. Not only are more energy and thought put into the time daily occupied in work, but the leisure comes to be treasured upon, either literally by abridgment, or else by anxieties concerning business. Clearly, the larger the number who, under such conditions, acquire property, or achieve higher positions, or both, the sharper is the spur to the rest. A raised standard of activity establishes itself and goes on rising. Public applause given to the successful, becoming in communities thus circumstanced the most familiar kind of public applause, increases continually the stimulus to ac-

tion. The struggle grows more and more strenuous, and there comes an increasing dread of failure—a dread of being “left,” as the Americans say: a significant word, since it is suggestive of a race in which the harder any one runs, the harder others have to run to keep up with him—a word suggestive of that breathless haste with which each passes from a success gained to the pursuit of a further success. And on contrasting the English of to-day with the English of a century ago, we may see how, in a considerable measure, the like causes have entailed here kindred results.

Even those who are not directly spurred on by this intensified struggle for wealth and honor, are indirectly spurred on by it. For one of its effects is to raise the standard of living, and eventually to increase the average rate of expenditure for all. Partly for personal enjoyment, but much more for the display which brings admiration, those who acquire fortunes distinguish themselves by luxurious habits. The more numerous they become, the keener becomes the competition for that kind of public attention given to those who make themselves conspicuous by great expenditure. The competition spreads downwards step by step; until, to be “respectable,” those having relatively small means feel obliged to spend more on houses, furniture, dress, and food; and are obliged to work the harder to get the requisite larger income. This process of causation is manifest enough among ourselves; and it is still more manifest in America, where the extravagance in style of living is greater than here.

Thus, though it seems beyond doubt that the removal of all political and social barriers, and the giving to each man an unimpeded career, must be purely beneficial; yet there is (at first) a considerable set-off from the benefits. Among those who in older communities have by laborious lives gained distinction, some may be heard privately to confess that “the game is not worth the candle;” and when they hear of others who wish to tread in their steps, shake their heads and say, “If they only knew!” Without accepting in full so pessimistic an estimate of success, we must still say that very generally the cost of the candle deducts largely from the gain of the game. That which in these exceptional cases holds among ourselves, holds more generally in America. An intensified life, which may be summed up as—great labor, great profit, great expenditure, has for its concomitant a

wear and tear which considerably diminishes in one direction the good gained in another. Added together, the daily strain through many hours and the anxieties occupying many other hours — the occupation of consciousness by feelings that are either indifferent or painful, leaving relatively little time for occupation of it by pleasurable feelings — tend to lower its level more than its level is raised by the gratifications of achievement and the accompanying benefits. So that it may, and in many cases does, result that diminished happiness goes along with increased prosperity. Unquestionably, as long as order is fairly maintained, that absence of political and social restraints which gives free scope to the struggles for profit and honor, conduces greatly to material advance of the society — develops the industrial arts, extends and improves the business organizations, augments the wealth; but that it raises the value of individual life, as measured by the average state of its feeling, by no means follows. That it will do so eventually, is certain; but that it does so now seems, to say the least, very doubtful.

The truth is that a society and its members act and react in such wise that while, on the one hand, the nature of the society is determined by the natures of its members; on the other hand, the activities of its members (and presently their natures) are redetermined by the needs of the society, as these alter: change in either entails change in the other. It is an obvious implication that, to a great extent, the life of a society so sways the wills of its members as to turn them to its ends. That which is manifest during the militant stage, when the social aggregate coerces its units into co-operation for defence, and sacrifices many of their lives for its corporate preservation, holds under another form during the industrial stage, as we at present know it. Though the co-operation of citizens is now voluntary instead of compulsory, yet the social forces impel them to achieve social ends while apparently achieving only their own ends. The man who, carrying out an invention, thinks only of private welfare to be thereby secured, is in far larger measure working for public welfare: instance the contrast between the fortune made by Watt and the wealth which the steam-engine has given to mankind. He who utilizes a new material, improves a method of production, or introduces a better way of carrying on business, and does this for the purpose of distancing

competitors, gains for himself little compared with that which he gains for the community by facilitating the lives of all. Either unknowingly or in spite of themselves, nature leads men by purely personal motives to fulfil her ends: nature being one of our expressions for the ultimate cause of things, and the end, remote when not proximate, being the highest form of human life.

Hence no argument, however cogent, can be expected to produce much effect: only here and there one may be influenced. As in an actively militant stage of society it is impossible to make many believe that there is any glory preferable to that of killing enemies; so, where rapid material growth is going on, and affords unlimited scope for the energies of all, little can be done by insisting that life has higher uses than work and accumulation. While among the most powerful of feelings continue to be the desire for public applause and dread of public censure; while the anxiety to achieve distinction, now by conquering enemies, now by beating competitors, continues predominant; while the fear of public reprobation affects men more than the fear of divine vengeance (as witness the long survival of duelling in Christian societies), — this excess of work which ambition prompts, seems likely to continue with but small qualification. The eagerness for the honor accorded to success, first in war and then in commerce, has been indispensable as a means of peopling the earth with the higher types of man, and the subjugation of its surface and its forces to human use. Ambition may fitly come to bear a smaller ratio to other motives, when the working out of these needs is approaching completeness; and when also, by consequence, the scope for satisfying ambition is diminishing. Those who draw the obvious corollaries from the doctrine of evolution — those who believe that the process of modification upon modification which has brought life to its present height must raise it still higher, will anticipate that "the last infirmity of noble minds" will in the distant future slowly decrease. As the sphere for achievement becomes smaller, the desire for applause will lose that predominance which it now has. A better ideal of life may simultaneously come to prevail. When there is fully recognized the truth that moral beauty is higher than intellectual power, when the wish to be admired is in large measure replaced by the wish to be loved, that strife for distinction

which the present phase of civilization shows us will be greatly moderated. Along with other benefits may then come a rational proportioning of work and relaxation; and the relative claims of to-day and to-morrow may be properly balanced.

H. S.]

From Temple Bar.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "POLE-STAR."

[Being an extract from the journal of John McAlister Ray, student of medicine, kept by him during the six months' voyage in the Arctic Seas of the steam-whaler "Pole-star," of Dundee, Captain Nicholas Craigie.]

September 11th. Lat. $81^{\circ} 40'$ N.; Long. 2° E. — Still lying to amid enormous ice-fields. The one which stretches away to the north of us, and to which our ice-anchor is attached, cannot be smaller than an English county. To the right and left unbroken sheets extend to the horizon. This morning the mate reported that there were signs of pack ice to the southward. Should this form of sufficient thickness to bar our return, we shall be in a position of danger, as the food, I hear, is already running somewhat short. It is late in the season and the nights are beginning to reappear. This morning I saw a star twinkling just over the foreyard — the first since the beginning of May. There is considerable discontent among the crew, many of whom are anxious to get back home to be in time for the herring season, when labor always commands a high price upon the Scotch coast. As yet their displeasure is only signified by sullen countenances and black looks, but I heard from the second mate this afternoon that they contemplated sending a deputation to the captain to explain their grievance. I much doubt how he will receive it, as he is a man of fierce temper, and very sensitive about anything approaching to an infringement of his rights. I shall venture after dinner to say a few words to him upon the subject. I have always found that he will tolerate from me what he would resent from any other member of the crew. Amsterdam Island, at the north-west corner of Spitzbergen, is visible upon our starboard quarter — a rugged line of volcanic rocks, intersected by white seams, which represent glaciers. It is curious to think that at the present moment there is probably no human being nearer to us than the Danish settlements in the south

of Greenland — a good nine hundred miles as the crow flies. A captain takes a great responsibility upon himself when he risks his vessel under such circumstances. No whaler has ever remained in these latitudes till so advanced a period of the year.

9 P.M. — I have spoken to Captain Craigie, and though the result has been hardly satisfactory, I am bound to say that he listened to what I had to say very quietly and even deferentially. When I had finished he put on that air of iron determination which I have frequently observed upon his face, and paced rapidly backwards and forwards across the narrow cabin for some minutes. At first I feared that I had seriously offended him, but he dispelled the idea by sitting down again, and putting his hand upon my arm with a gesture which almost amounted to a caress. There was a depth of tenderness too in his wild, dark eyes which surprised me considerably. "Look here, doctor," he said, "I'm sorry I ever took you — I am indeed — and I would give fifty pounds this minute to see you standing safe upon the Dundee quay. It's hit or miss with me this time. There are fish to the north of us. How dare you shake your head, sir, when I tell you I saw them blowing from the masthead!" — this in a sudden burst of fury, though I was not conscious of having shown any signs of doubt. "Two and twenty fish in as many minutes, as I am a living man, and not one under ten foot.* Now, doctor, do you think I can leave the country when there is only one infernal strip of ice between me and my fortune? If it came on to blow from the north to-morrow we could fill the ship and be away before the frost could catch us. If it came on to blow from the south — well, I suppose, the men are paid for risking their lives, and as for myself it matters but little to me, for I have more to bind me to the other world than to this one. I confess that I am sorry for *you*, though. I wish I had old Angus Tait who was with me last voyage, for he was a man that would never be missed, and you — you said once that you were engaged, did you not?"

"Yes," I answered, snapping the spring of the locket which hung from my watch-chain, and holding up the little vignette of Flora.

"Blast you!" he yelled, springing out of his seat, with his very beard bristling

* A whale is measured among whalers not by the length of its body, but by the length of its whalebone.

with passion. "What is your happiness to me? What have I to do with her that you must dangle her photograph before my eyes?" I almost thought that he was about to strike me in the frenzy of his rage, but with another imprecation he dashed open the door of the cabin and rushed out upon deck, leaving me considerably astonished at his extraordinary violence. It is the first time that he has ever shown me anything but courtesy and kindness. I can hear him pacing excitedly up and down overhead as I write these lines.

I should like to give a sketch of the character of this man, but it seems presumptuous to attempt such a thing upon paper, when the idea in my own mind is at best a vague and uncertain one. Several times I have thought that I grasped the clue which might explain it, but only to be disappointed by his presenting himself in some new light which would upset all my conclusions. It may be that no human eye but my own shall ever rest upon these lines, yet as a psychological study I shall attempt to leave some record of Captain Nicholas Craigie.

A man's outer case generally gives some indication of the soul within. The captain is tall and well-formed, with dark, handsome face, and a curious way of twitching his limbs, which may arise from nervousness, or be simply an outcome of his excessive energy. His jaw and whole cast of countenance is manly and resolute, but the eyes are the distinctive feature of his face. They are of the very darkest hazel, bright and eager, with a singular mixture of recklessness in their expression, and of something else which I have sometimes thought was more allied with horror than any other emotion. Generally the former predominated, but on occasions, and more particularly when he was thoughtfully inclined, the look of fear would spread and deepen until it imparted a new character to his whole countenance. It is at these times that he is most subject to tempestuous fits of anger, and he seems to be aware of it, for I have known him lock himself up so that no one might approach him until his dark hour was passed. He sleeps badly, and I have heard him shouting during the night, but his room is some little distance from mine, and I could never distinguish the words which he said.

This is one phase of his character, and the most disagreeable one. It is only through my close association with him, thrown together as we are day after day,

that I have observed it. Otherwise he is an agreeable companion, well-read and entertaining, and as gallant a seaman as ever trod a deck. I shall not easily forget the way in which he handled the ship when we were caught by a gale among the loose ice at the beginning of April. I have never seen him so cheerful, and even hilarious, as he was that night, as he paced backwards and forwards upon the bridge amid the flashing of the lightning and the howling of the wind. He has told me several times that the thought of death was a pleasant one to him, which is a sad thing for a young man to say; he cannot be much more than thirty, though his hair and moustache are already slightly grizzled. Some great sorrow must have overtaken him and blighted his whole life. Perhaps I should be the same if I lost my Flora — God knows! I think if it were not for her that I should care very little whether the wind blew from the north or the south to-morrow. There, I hear him come down the companion and he has locked himself up in his room, which shows that he is still in an amiable mood. And so to bed, as old Pepys would say, for the candle is burning down (we have to use them now since the nights are closing in), and the steward has turned in, so there are no hopes of another one.

September 12th. — Calm, clear day, and still lying in the same position. What wind there is comes from the south-east, but it is very slight. Captain is in a better humor, and apologized to me at breakfast for his rudeness. He still looks somewhat *distract*, however, and retains that wild look in his eyes which in a Highlander would mean that he was "fey" — at least so our chief engineer remarked to me, and he has some reputation among the Celtic portion of our crew as a seer and expounder of omens.

It is strange that superstition should have obtained such mastery over this hard-headed and practical race. I could not have believed to what an extent it is carried had I not observed it for myself. We have had a perfect epidemic of it this voyage, until I have felt inclined to serve out rations of sedatives and nerve-tonics with the Saturday allowance of grog. The first symptom of it was that shortly after leaving Shetland the men at the wheel used to complain that they heard plaintive cries and screams in the wake of the ship, as if something were following it and were unable to overtake it. This fiction has been kept up during the whole

voyage, and on dark nights at the beginning of the seal-fishing it was only with great difficulty that men could be induced to do their spell. No doubt what they heard was either the creaking of the rudder-chains, or the cry of some passing sea-bird. I have been fetched out of bed several times to listen to it, but I need hardly say that I was never able to distinguish anything unnatural. The men, however, are so absurdly positive upon the subject that it is hopeless to argue with them. I mentioned the matter to the captain once, but to my surprise he took it very gravely, and indeed appeared to be considerably disturbed by what I told him. I should have thought that he at least would have been above such vulgar delusions.

All this disquisition upon superstition leads me up to the fact that Mr. Manson, our second mate, saw a ghost last night—or, at least, says that he did, which of course is the same thing. It is quite refreshing to have some new topic of conversation after the eternal routine of bears and whales which has served us for so many months. Manson swears the ship is haunted, and that he would not stay in her a day if he had any other place to go to. Indeed the fellow is honestly frightened, and I had to give him some chloral and bromide of potassium this morning to steady him down. He seemed quite indignant when I suggested that he had been having an extra glass the night before, and I was obliged to pacify him by keeping as grave a countenance as possible during his story, which he certainly narrated in a very straightforward and matter-of-fact way.

"I was on the bridge," he said, "about four bells in the middle watch, just when the night was at its darkest. There was a bit of a moon, but the clouds were blowing across it so that you couldn't see far from the ship. John McLeod, the harpooner, came aft from the foc'sle-head and reported a strange noise on the star-board bow. I went forrard and we both heard it, sometimes like a bairn crying and sometimes like a wench in pain. I've been seventeen years to the country and I never heard seal, old or young, make a sound like that. As we were standing there on the foc'sle-head the moon came out from behind a cloud, and we both saw a sort of white figure moving across the ice-field in the same direction that we had heard the cries. We lost sight of it for a while, but it came back on the port bow, and we could just make it out like a

shadow on the ice. I sent a hand aft for the rifles, and McLeod and I went down on to the pack, thinking that maybe it might be a bear. When we got on the ice I lost sight of McLeod, but I pushed on in the direction where I could still hear the cries. I followed them for a mile or maybe more, and then running round a hummock I came right on to the top of it standing and waiting for me seemingly. I don't know what it was. It wasn't a bear anyway. It was tall and white and straight, and if it wasn't a man nor a woman, I'll stake my davy it was something worse. I made for the ship as hard as I could run, and precious glad I was to find myself aboard. I signed articles to do my duty by the ship, and on the ship I'll stay, but you don't catch me on the ice again after sundown."

That is his story, given as far as I can in his own words. I fancy what he saw must, in spite of his denial, have been a young bear erect upon its hind legs, an attitude which they often assume when alarmed. In the uncertain light this would bear a resemblance to a human figure, especially to a man whose nerves were already somewhat shaken. Whatever it may have been, the occurrence is unfortunate, for it has produced a most unpleasant effect upon the crew. Their looks are more sullen than before and their discontent more open. The double grievance of being debarred from the herring fishing and of being detained in what they choose to call a haunted vessel, may lead them to do something rash. Even the harpooners, who are the oldest and steadiest among them, are joining in the general agitation.

Apart from this absurd outbreak of superstition, things are looking rather more cheerful. The pack which was forming to the south of us has partly cleared away, and the water is so warm as to lead me to believe that we are lying in one of those branches of the Gulf Stream which run up between Greenland and Spitzbergen. There are numerous small Medusæ and sea-lemons about the ship, with abundance of shrimps, so that there is every possibility of "fish" being sighted. Indeed one was seen blowing about dinner time, but in such a position that it was impossible for the boats to follow it.

September 13th.—Had an interesting conversation with the chief mate Mr. Milne upon the bridge. It seems that our captain is as great an enigma to the seamen, and even to the owners of the vessel, as he has been to me. Mr. Milne

tells me that when the ship is paid off, upon returning from a voyage, Captain Craigie disappears, and is not seen again until the approach of another season, when he walks quietly into the office of the company, and asks whether his services will be required. He has no friend in Dundee, nor does any one pretend to be acquainted with his early history. His position depends entirely upon his skill as a seaman, and the name for courage and coolness which he had earned in the capacity of mate, before being entrusted with a separate command. The unanimous opinion seems to be that he is not a Scotchman, and that his name is an assumed one. Mr. Milne thinks that he has devoted himself to whaling simply for the reason that it is the most dangerous occupation which he could select, and that he courts death in every possible manner. He mentioned several instances of this, one of which is rather curious, if true. It seems that on one occasion he did not put in an appearance at the office, and a substitute had to be selected in his place. That was at the time of the last Russian and Turkish war. When he turned up again next spring he had a puckered wound in the side of his neck which he used to endeavor to conceal with his cravat. Whether the mate's inference that he had been engaged in the war is true or not I cannot say. It was certainly a strange coincidence.

The wind is veering round in an easterly direction, but is still very slight. I think the ice is lying closer than it did yesterday. As far as the eye can reach on every side there is one wide expanse of spotless white, only broken by an occasional rift or the dark shadow of a hummock. To the south there is the narrow lane of blue water which is our sole means of escape, and which is closing up every day. The captain is taking a heavy responsibility upon himself. I hear that the tank of potatoes has been finished, and even the biscuits are running short, but he preserves the same impassible countenance and spends the greater part of the day at the crow's nest, sweeping the horizon with his glass. His manner is very variable, and he seems to avoid my society, but there has been no repetition of the violence which he showed the other night.

7.30 P.M. — My deliberate opinion is that we are commanded by a madman. Nothing else can account for the extraordinary vagaries of Captain Craigie. It is fortunate that I have kept this journal of

our voyage, as it will serve to justify us in case we have to put him under any sort of restraint, a step which I should only consent to as a last resource. Curiously enough it was he himself who suggested lunacy and not mere eccentricity as the secret of his strange conduct. He was standing upon the bridge about an hour ago, peering as usual through his glass, while I was walking up and down the quarterdeck. The majority of the men were below at their tea, for the watches have not been regularly kept of late. Tired of walking, I leaned against the bulwarks, and admired the mellow glow cast by the sinking sun upon the great ice-fields which surround us. I was suddenly aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen by a hoarse voice at my elbow, and starting round I found that the captain had descended and was standing by my side. He was staring out over the ice with an expression in which horror, surprise, and something approaching to joy were contending for the mastery. In spite of the cold, great drops of perspiration were coursing down his forehead and he was evidently fearfully excited. His limbs twitched like those of a man upon the verge of an epileptic fit, and the lines about his mouth were drawn and hard.

"Look!" he gasped, seizing me by the wrist, but still keeping his eyes upon the distant ice, and moving his head slowly in a horizontal direction, as if following some object which was moving across the field of vision. "Look! There, man, there! Between the hummocks! Now coming out from behind the far one! You see her, you *must* see her! There still! Flying from me, by God, flying from me — and gone!"

He uttered the last two words in a whisper of concentrated agony which shall never fade from my remembrance. Clinging to the ratlines he endeavored to climb up upon the top of the bulwarks as if in the hope of obtaining a last glance at the departing object. His strength was not equal to the attempt, however, and he staggered back against the saloon skylights, where he leaned panting and exhausted. His face was so livid that I expected him to become unconscious, so lost no time in leading him down the companion, and stretching him upon one of the sofas in the cabin. I then poured him out some brandy, which I held to his lips, and which had a wonderful effect upon him, bringing the blood back into his white face and steadying his poor

shaking limbs. He raised himself up upon his elbow, and looking round to see that we were alone, he beckoned to me to come and sit beside him.

"You saw it, didn't you?" he asked, still in the same subdued, awesome tone so foreign to the nature of the man.

"No, I saw nothing."

His head sank back again upon the cushions. "No, he wouldn't without the glass," he murmured. "He couldn't. It was the glass that showed her to me, and then the eyes of love — the eyes of love. I say, doc, don't let the steward in! He'll think I'm mad. Just bolt the door, will you?"

I rose and did what he had commanded.

He lay quiet for a little, lost in thought apparently, and then raised himself up upon his elbow again, and asked for some more brandy.

"You don't think I am, do you, doc?" he asked as I was putting the bottle back into the after-locker. "Tell me now, as man to man, do you think that I am mad?"

"I think you have something on your mind," I answered, "which is exciting you and doing you a good deal of harm."

"Right there, lad!" he cried, his eyes sparkling from the effects of the brandy. "Plenty on my mind — plenty! But I can work out the latitude and the longitude, and I can handle my sextant and manage my logarithms. You couldn't prove me mad in a court of law, could you, now?" It was curious to hear the man lying back and coolly arguing out the question of his own sanity.

"Perhaps not," I said, "but still I think you would be wise to get home as soon as you can and settle down to a quiet life for a while."

"Get home, eh?" he muttered with a sneer upon his face. "One word for me and two for yourself, lad. Settle down with Flora — pretty little Flora. Are bad dreams signs of madness?"

"Sometimes," I answered.

"What else? what would be the first symptoms?"

"Pains in the head, noises in the ears, flashes before the eyes, delusions —"

"Ah! what about them?" he interrupted. "What would you call a delusion?"

"Seeing a thing which is not there is a delusion."

"But she *was* there!" he groaned to himself. "She *was* there!" and rising, he unbolted the door and walked with slow and uncertain steps to his own cabin,

where I have no doubt that he will remain until to-morrow morning. His system seems to have received a terrible shock, whatever it may have been that he imagined himself to have seen. The man becomes a greater mystery every day, though I fear that the solution which he has himself suggested is the correct one, and that his reason is affected. I do not think that a guilty conscience has anything to do with his behavior. The idea is a popular one among the officers, and, I believe, the crew; but I have seen nothing to support it. He has not the air of a guilty man, but of one who has had terrible usage at the hands of fortune, and who should be regarded as a martyr rather than a criminal.

The wind is veering round to the south to-night. God help us if it blocks that narrow pass which is our only road to safety! Situated as we are on the edge of the main Arctic pack, or the "barrier" as it is called by the whalers, any wind from the north has the effect of shredding out the ice around us and allowing our escape, while a wind from the south blows up all the loose ice behind us and hems us in between two packs. God help us, I say again!

September 14th. — Sunday, and a day of rest. My fears have been confirmed, and the thin strip of blue water has disappeared from the southward. Nothing but the great motionless ice-fields around us, with their weird hummocks and fantastic pinnacles. There is a deathly silence over their wide expanse which is horrible. No lapping of the waves now, no cries of seagulls or straining of sails, but one deep, universal silence in which the murmurs of the seamen, and the creak of their boots upon the white, shining deck, seem discordant and out of place. Our only visitor was an Arctic fox, a rare animal upon the pack, though common enough upon the land. He did not come near the ship, however, but after surveying us from a distance fled rapidly across the ice. This was curious conduct, as they generally know nothing of man, and being of an inquisitive nature become so familiar that they are easily captured. Incredible as it may seem, even this little incident produced a bad effect upon the crew. "Yon puir beastie kens mair, aye an' sees mair nor you nor me!" was the comment of one of the leading harpooners, and the others nodded their acquiescence. It is vain to attempt to argue against such puerile superstition. They have made up their minds that there is a curse upon the

ship, and nothing will ever persuade them to the contrary.

The captain remained in seclusion all day except for about half an hour in the afternoon, when he came out upon the quarterdeck. I observed that he kept his eye fixed upon the spot where the vision of yesterday had appeared, and was quite prepared for another outburst, but none such came. He did not seem to see me although I was standing close beside him. Divine service was read as usual by the chief engineer. It is a curious thing that in whaling vessels the Church of England Prayer-book is always employed, although there is never a member of that Church among either officers or crew. Our men are all Roman Catholics or Presbyterians, the former predominating. Since a ritual is used which is foreign to both, neither can complain that the other is preferred to them, and they listen with all attention and devotion, so that the system has something to recommend it.

A glorious sunset, which made the great fields of ice look like a lake of blood. I have never seen a finer and at the same time more ghastly effect. Wind is veering round. If it will blow twenty-four hours from the north all will yet be well.

September 15th.—To-day is Flora's birthday. Dear lass! it is well that she cannot see her boy, as she used to call me, shut up among the ice-fields with a crazy captain and a few weeks' provisions. No doubt she scans the shipping list in the *Scotsman* every morning to see if we are reported from Shetland. I have to set an example to the men and look cheery and unconcerned; but God knows, my heart is very heavy at times.

The thermometer is at nineteen Fahrenheit to-day. There is but little wind, and what there is comes from an unfavorable quarter. Captain is in an excellent humor; I think he imagines he has seen some other omen or vision, poor fellow, during the night, for he came into my room early in the morning, and stooping down over my bunk whispered, "It wasn't a delusion, doc, it's all right!" After breakfast he asked me to find out how much food was left, which the second mate and I proceeded to do. It is even less than we had expected. Forward they have half a tankful of biscuits, three barrels of salt meat, and a very limited supply of coffee beans and sugar. In the after-hold and lockers there are a good many luxuries such as tinned salmon, soups, haricot mutton, etc., but they

will go a very short way among a crew of fifty men. There are two barrels of flour in the storeroom, and an unlimited supply of tobacco. Altogether there is about enough to keep the men on half rations for eighteen or twenty days—certainly not more. When we reported the state of things to the captain, he ordered all hands to be piped, and addressed them from the quarterdeck. I never saw him to better advantage. With his tall, well-knit figure and dark, animated face, he seemed a man born to command, and he discussed the situation in a cool, sailor-like way which showed that while appreciating the danger he had an eye for every loophole of escape.

"My lads," he said, "no doubt you think I brought you into this fix, if it is a fix, and maybe some of you feel bitter against me on account of it. But you must remember that for many a season no ship that comes to the country has brought in as much oil-money as the old 'Pole-star,' and every one of you has had his share of it. You can leave your wives behind you in comfort while other poor fellows come back to find their lasses on the parish. If you have to thank me for the one you have to thank me for the other, and we may call it quits. We've tried a bold venture before this and succeeded, so now that we've tried one and failed we've no cause to cry out about it. If the worst comes to the worst, we can make the land across the ice, and lay in a stock of seals which will keep us alive until the spring. It won't come to that, though, for you'll see the Scotch coast again before three weeks are out. At present every man must go on half rations, share and share alike, and no favor to any. Keep up your hearts, and you'll pull through this as you've pulled through many a danger before." These few simple words of his had a wonderful effect upon the crew. His former unpopularity was forgotten, and the old harpooner whom I have already mentioned for his superstition, led off three cheers, which were heartily joined in by all hands.

September 16th.—The wind has veered round to the north during the night, and the ice shows some symptoms of opening out. The men are in a good humor in spite of the short allowance upon which they have been placed. Steam is kept up in the engine-room, that there may be no delay should an opportunity for escape present itself. The captain is in exuberant spirits, though he still retains that wild "fey" expression which I have al-

ready remarked upon. This burst of cheerfulness puzzles me more than his former gloom. I cannot understand it. I think I mentioned in an early part of this journal that one of his oddities is that he never permits any person to enter his cabin, but insists upon making his own bed, such as it is, and performing every other office for himself. To my surprise he handed me the key to-day and requested me to go down there and take the time by his chronometer while he measured the altitude of the sun at noon. It is a bare little room containing a washing-stand and a few books, but little else in the way of luxury, except some pictures upon the walls. The majority of these are small cheap oleographs, but there was one water-color sketch of the head of a young lady which arrested my attention. It was evidently a portrait, and not one of those fancy types of female beauty which sailors particularly affect. No artist could have evolved from his own mind such a curious mixture of character and weakness. The languid, dreamy eyes, with their drooping lashes, and the broad, low brow unruffled by thought or care, were in strong contrast with the clean-cut, prominent jaw, and the resolute set of the lower lip. Underneath it in one of the corners was written "M. B., æt. 19." That any one in the short space of nineteen years of existence could develop such strength of will as was stamped upon her face seemed to me at the time to be well-nigh incredible. She must have been an extraordinary woman. Her features have thrown such a glamor over me that though I had but a fleeting glance at them, I could, were I a draughtsman, reproduce them line for line upon this page of the journal. I wonder what part she has played in our captain's life. He has hung her picture at the end of his berth so that his eyes continually rest upon it. Were he a less reserved man I should make some remark upon the subject. Of the other things in his cabin there was nothing worthy of mention — uniform coats, a camp-stool, small looking-glass, tobacco-box and numerous pipes, including an Oriental hookah — which by-the-bye gives some color to Mr. Milne's story about his participation in the war, though the connection may seem rather a distant one.

11.20 P.M. — Captain just gone to bed after a long and interesting conversation on general topics. When he chooses he can be a most fascinating companion, being remarkably well-read, and having the

power of expressing his opinion forcibly without appearing to be dogmatic. I hate to have my intellectual toes trod upon. He spoke about the nature of the soul, and sketched out the views of Aristotle and Plato upon the subject in a masterly manner. He seems to have a leaning for metempsychosis and the doctrines of Pythagoras. In discussing them we touched upon modern spiritualism, and I made some joking allusion to the impostures of Slade, upon which, to my surprise, he warned me most impressively against confusing the innocent with the guilty, and argued that it would be as logical to brand Christianity as an error, because Judas who professed that religion was a villain. He shortly afterwards bade me good-night and retired to his room.

The wind is freshening up, and blows steadily from the north. The nights are as dark now as they are in England. I hope to-morrow may set us free from our frozen fetters.

September 17th. — The bogie again. Thank Heaven that I have strong nerves! The superstition of these poor fellows, and the circumstantial accounts which they give, with the utmost earnestness and self-conviction, would horrify any man not accustomed to their ways. There are many versions of the matter, but the sum-total of them all is that something uncanny has been fitting round the ship all night, and that Sandie McDonald of Peterhead and "lang" Peter Williamson of Shetland saw it, as also did Mr. Milne on the bridge; so, having three witnesses, they can make a better case of it than the second mate did. I spoke to Milne after breakfast and told him that he should be above such nonsense, and that as an officer he ought to set the men a better example. He shook his weatherbeaten head ominously, but answered with characteristic caution. "Mebbe aye, mebbe na, doctor," he said; "I didna ca' it a ghaist. I canna' say I preen my faith in sea bogles an' the like, though there's a mony as claims to ha' seen a' that and waur. I'm no easy feared, but maybe your ain bluid would run a bit cauld, mun, if instead o' speerin' about it in daylight ye were wi' me last night, an' seed an awfu' like shape, white an' gruesome, whiles here, whiles there, an' it greetin' and ca'ing in the darkness like a bit lambie that hae lost its mither. Ye would na' be sae ready to put it a' doon to auld wives' clavers then, I'm thinkin'." I saw it was hopeless to reason with him, so contented myself with begging him as a

personal favor to call me up the next time the spectre appeared—a request to which he acceded with many ejaculations expressive of his hopes that such an opportunity might never arise.

As I had hoped, the white desert behind us has become broken by many thin streaks of water which intersect it in all directions. Our latitude to-day was 80° 52' N., which shows that there is a strong southerly drift upon the pack. Should the wind continue favorable it will break up as rapidly as it formed. At present we can do nothing but smoke and wait, and hope for the best. I am rapidly becoming a fatalist. When dealing with such uncertain factors as wind and ice a man can be nothing else. Perhaps it was the wind and sand of the Arabian deserts which gave the minds of the original followers of Mahomet their tendency to bow to *kismet*.

These spectral alarms have a very bad effect upon the captain. I feared that it might excite his sensitive mind, and endeavored to conceal the absurd story from him, but unfortunately he overheard one of the men making an allusion to it, and insisted upon being informed about it. As I had expected, it brought out all his latent lunacy in an exaggerated form. I can hardly believe that this is the same man who discoursed philosophy last night with the most critical acumen, and coolest judgment. He is pacing backwards and forwards upon the quarterdeck like a caged tiger, stopping now and again to throw out his hands with a yearning gesture, and stare impatiently out over the ice. He keeps up a continual mutter to himself, and once he called out, "But a little time, love—but a little time!" Poor fellow, it is sad to see a gallant seaman and accomplished gentleman reduced to such a pass, and to think that imagination and delusion can cow a mind to which real danger was but the salt of life. Was ever a man in such a position as I, between a demented captain and a ghost-seeing mate? I sometimes think I am the only really sane man aboard the vessel—except perhaps the second engineer, who is a kind of ruminant, and would care nothing for all the fiends in the Red Sea, so long as they would leave him alone and not disarrange his tools.

The ice is still opening rapidly, and there is every probability of our being able to make a start to-morrow morning. They will think I am inventing when I tell them at home all the strange things that have befallen me.

12 P.M. — I have been a good deal startled, though I feel steadier now, thanks to a stiff glass of brandy. I am hardly myself yet however, as this handwriting will testify. The fact is that I have gone through a very strange experience, and am beginning to doubt whether I was justified in branding every one on board as madmen, because they professed to have seen things which did not seem reasonable to my understanding. Pshaw! I am a fool to let such a trifle unnerve me, and yet, coming as it does after all these alarms, it has an additional significance, for I cannot doubt either Mr. Manson's story or that of the mate, now that I have experienced that which I used formerly to scoff at.

After all it was nothing very alarming—a mere sound, and that was all. I cannot expect that any one reading this, if any one ever should read it, will sympathize with my feelings, or realize the effect which it produced upon me at the time. Supper was over, and I had gone on deck to have a quiet pipe before turning in. The night was very dark—so dark that standing under the quarter boat, I was unable to see the officer upon the bridge. I think I have already mentioned the extraordinary silence which prevails in these frozen seas. In other parts of the world, be they ever so barren, there is some slight vibration of the air—some faint hum, be it from the distant haunts of men, or from the leaves of the trees, or the wings of the birds, or even the faint rustle of the grass that covers the ground. One may not actively perceive the sound, and yet if it were withdrawn it would be missed. It is only here in these Arctic seas that stark, unfathomable stillness obtrudes itself upon you in all its gruesome reality. You find your tympanum straining to catch some little murmur, and dwelling eagerly upon every accidental sound within the vessel. In this state I was leaning against the bulwarks when there arose from the ice almost directly underneath me, a cry, sharp and shrill, upon the silent air of the night, beginning, as it seemed to me, at a note such as *prima donna* never reached, and mounting from that ever higher and higher until it culminated in a long wail of agony, which might have been the last cry of a lost soul. The ghastly scream is still ringing in my ears. Grief, unutterable grief, seemed to be expressed in it and a great longing, and yet through it all there was an occasional wild note of exultation. It seemed to come from close beside me,

and yet as I glared into the darkness I could make out nothing. I waited some little time, but without hearing any repetition of the sound, so I came below, more shaken than I have ever been in my life before. As I came down the companion I met Mr. Milne, coming up to relieve the watch. "Weel, doctor," he said, "maybe that's auld wives' clavers tae? Did ye no hear it skirling? Maybe that's a supersteection? what d'ye think o't noo?" I was obliged to apologize to the honest fellow, and acknowledge that I was as puzzled by it as he was. Perhaps to-morrow things may look different. At present I dare hardly write all that I think. Reading it again in days to come, when I have shaken off all these associations, I should despise myself for having been so weak.

September 18th.—Passed a restless and uneasy night still haunted by that strange sound. The captain does not look as if he had had much repose either, for his face is haggard and his eyes blood-shot. I have not told him of my adventure of last night, nor shall I. He is already restless and excited, standing up, sitting down, and apparently utterly unable to keep still.

A fine lead appeared in the pack this morning, as I had expected, and we were able to cast off our ice-anchor, and steam about twelve miles in a west-sou'-westerly direction. We were then brought to a halt by a great floe as massive as any which we have left behind us. It bars our progress completely, so we can do nothing but anchor again and wait until it breaks up, which it will probably do within twenty-four hours, if the wind holds. Several bladder-nosed seals were seen swimming in the water, and one was shot, an immense creature more than eleven feet long. They are fierce, pugnacious animals, and are said to be more than a match for a bear. Fortunately they are slow and clumsy in their movements, so that there is little danger in attacking them upon the ice.

The captain evidently does not think we have seen the last of our troubles, though why he should take a gloomy view of the situation is more than I can fathom, since every one else on board considers that we have had a miraculous escape, and are sure now to reach the open sea.

"I suppose you think it's all right now, doctor?" he said as we sat together after dinner.

"I hope so," I answered.

"We mustn't be too sure—and yet no

doubt you are right. We'll all be in the arms of our own true loves before long, lad, won't we? But we mustn't be too sure—we mustn't be too sure."

He sat silent a little, swinging his leg thoughtfully backwards and forwards. "Look here," he continued. "It's a dangerous place this, even at its best—a treacherous, dangerous place. I have known men cut off very suddenly in a land like this. A slip would do it sometimes—a single slip, and down you go through a crack and only a bubble on the green water to show where it was that you sank. It's a queer thing," he continued with a nervous laugh, "but all the years I've been in this country I never once thought of making a will; not that I have anything to leave in particular, but still when a man is exposed to danger he should have everything arranged and ready—don't you think so?"

"Certainly," I answered, wondering what on earth he was driving at.

"He feels better for knowing it's all settled," he went on. "Now if anything should ever befall me, I hope that you will look after things for me. There is very little in the cabin, but such as it is I should like it to be sold, and the money divided in the same proportion as the oil-money among the crew. The chronometer I wish you to keep yourself as some slight remembrance of our voyage. Of course all this is a mere precaution, but I thought I would take the opportunity of speaking to you about it. I suppose I might rely upon you if there were any necessity?"

"Most assuredly," I answered; "and since you are taking this step, I may as well —"

"You! you!" he interrupted. "*You're* all right. What the devil is the matter with *you*? There, I didn't mean to be peppery, but I don't like to hear a young fellow, that has hardly begun life, speculating about death. Go up on deck and get some fresh air into your lungs instead of talking nonsense in the cabin, and encouraging me to do the same."

The more I think of this conversation of ours the less do I like it. Why should the man be settling his affairs at the very time when we seem to be emerging from all danger? There must be some method in his madness. Can it be that he contemplates suicide? I remember that upon one occasion he spoke in a deeply reverent manner of the heinousness of the crime of self-destruction. I shall keep my eye upon him however, and though I

cannot obtrude upon the privacy of his cabin, I shall at least make a point of remaining on deck as long as he stays up.

Mr. Milne pooh-poohs my fears, and says it is only the "skipper's little way." He himself takes a very rosy view of the situation. According to him we shall be out of the ice by the day after to-morrow, pass Jan Meyen two days after that, and sight Shetland in little more than a week. I hope he may not be too sanguine. His opinion may be fairly balanced against the gloomy precautions of the captain, for he is an old and experienced seaman, and weighs his words well before uttering them.

The long-impending catastrophe has come at last. I hardly know what to write about it. The captain is gone. He may come back to us again alive, but I fear me—I fear me. It is now seven o'clock of the morning of the 19th of September. I have spent the whole night traversing the great ice-floe in front of us with a party of seamen in the hope of coming upon some trace of him, but in vain. I shall try to give some account of the circumstances which attended upon his disappearance. Should any one ever chance to read the words which I put down, I trust they will remember that I do not write from conjecture or from hearsay, but that I, a sane and educated man, am describing accurately what actually occurred before my very eyes. My inferences are my own, but I shall be answerable for the facts.

The captain remained in excellent spirits after the conversation which I have recorded. He appeared to be nervous and impatient however, frequently changing his position, and moving his limbs in an aimless, choreic way which is characteristic of him at times. In a quarter of an hour he went upon deck seven times, only to descend after a few hurried paces. I followed him each time, for there was something about his face which confirmed my resolution of not letting him out of my sight. He seemed to observe the effect which his movements had produced, for he endeavored by an overdone hilarity, laughing boisterously at the very smallest of jokes, to quiet my apprehensions.

After supper he went on to the poop once more, and I with him. The night was dark and very still, save for the melancholy sighing of the wind among the spars. A thick cloud was coming up from the north-west, and the ragged tentacles which it threw out in front of it were

drifting across the face of the moon, which only shone now and again through a rift in the wrack. The captain paced rapidly backwards and forwards, and then seeing me still dogging him, he came across and hinted that he thought I should be better below—which I need hardly say had the effect of strengthening my resolution to remain on deck.

I think he forgot about my presence after this, for he stood silently leaning over the taffrail, and peering out across the great desert of snow, part of which lay in shadow, while part glittered mistily in the moonlight. Several times I could see by his movements that he was referring to his watch, and once he muttered a short sentence of which I could only catch the one word "ready." I confess to having felt an eerie feeling creeping over me as I watched the loom of his tall figure through the darkness, and noted how completely he fulfilled the idea of a man who is keeping a tryst. A tryst with whom? Some vague perception began to dawn upon me as I pieced one fact with another, but I was utterly unprepared for the sequel.

By the sudden intensity of his attitude I felt that he saw something. I crept up behind him. He was staring with an eager, questioning gaze at what seemed to be a wreath of mist, blown swiftly in a line with the ship. It was a dim, nebulous body devoid of shape, sometimes more, sometimes less apparent, as the light fell on it. The moon was dimmed in its brilliancy at the moment by a canopy of thinnest cloud, like the coating of an anemone.

"Coming, lass, coming," cried the skipper, in a voice of unfathomable tenderness and compassion, like one who soothes a beloved one by some favor long looked for, and as pleasant to bestow as to receive.

What followed, happened in an instant. I had no power to interfere. He gave one spring to the top of the bulwarks, and another which took him on to the ice, almost to the feet of the pale, misty figure. He held out his hands as if to clasp it, and so ran into the darkness with outstretched arms and loving words. I still stood rigid and motionless, straining my eyes after his retreating form, until his voice died away in the distance. I never thought to see him again, but at that moment the moon shone out brilliantly through a chink in the cloudy heaven, and illuminated the great field of ice. Then I saw his dark figure already a

very long way off, running with prodigious speed across the frozen plain. That was the last glimpse which we caught of him—perhaps the last we ever shall. A party was organized to follow him, and I accompanied them, but the men's hearts were not in the work, and nothing was found. Another will be formed within a few hours. I can hardly believe I have not been dreaming, or suffering from some hideous nightmare as I write these things down.

7.30 P.M. — Just returned dead beat and utterly tired out from a second unsuccessful search for the captain. The floe is of enormous extent, for though we have traversed at least twenty miles of its surface, there has been no sign of its coming to an end. The frost has been so severe of late that the overlying snow is frozen as hard as granite, otherwise we might have had the footsteps to guide us. The crew are anxious that we should cast off and steam round the floe and so to the southward, for the ice has opened up during the night, and the sea is visible upon the horizon. They argue that Captain Craigie is certainly dead, and that we are all risking our lives to no purpose by remaining when we have an opportunity of escape. Mr. Milne and I have had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to wait until to-morrow night, and have been compelled to promise that we will not under any circumstances delay our departure longer than that. We propose therefore to take a few hours' sleep, and then to start upon a final search.

September 20th, evening. — I crossed the ice this morning with a party of men exploring the southern part of the floe, while Mr. Milne went off in a northerly direction. We pushed on for ten or twelve miles without seeing a trace of any living thing except a single bird, which fluttered a great way over our heads, and which by its flight I should judge to have been a falcon. The southern extremity of the ice-field tapered away into a long, narrow spit which projected out into the sea. When we came to the base of this promontory the men halted, but I begged them to continue to the extreme end of it, that we might have the satisfaction of knowing that no possible chance had been neglected.

We had hardly gone a hundred yards before McDonald of Peterhead cried out that he saw something in front of us, and began to run. We all got a glimpse of it and ran too. At first it was only a vague darkness against the white ice, but as we

raced along together it took the shape of a man, and eventually of the man of whom we were in search. He was lying face downwards upon a frozen bank. Many little crystals of ice and feathers of snow had drifted on to him as he lay, and sparkled upon his dark seaman's jacket. As we came up some wandering puff of wind caught these tiny flakes in its vortex, and they whirled up into the air, partially descended again, and then, caught once more in the current, sped rapidly away in the direction of the sea. To my eyes it seemed but a snowdrift, but many of my companions averred that it started up in the shape of a woman, stooped over the corpse and kissed it, and then hurried away across the floe. I have learned never to ridicule any man's opinion, however strange it may seem. Sure it is that Captain Nicholas Craigie had met with no painful end, for there was a bright smile upon his blue, pinched features, and his hands were still outstretched as though grasping at the strange visitor which had summoned him away into the dim world that lies beyond the grave.

We buried him the same afternoon with the ship's ensign around him, and a thirty-two-pound shot at his feet. I read the burial service, while the rough sailors wept like children, for there were many who owed much to his kind heart, and who showed now the affection which his strange ways had repelled during his lifetime. He went off the grating with a dull, sullen splash, and as I looked into the green water I saw him go down, down, down until he was but a little flickering patch of white hanging upon the outskirts of eternal darkness. Then even that faded away and he was gone. There he shall lie, with his secret and his sorrows and his mystery all still buried in his breast, until that great day when the sea shall give up its dead, and Nicholas Craigie come out from among the ice with the smile upon his face, and his stiffened arms outstretched in greeting. I pray that his lot may be a happier one in that life than it has been in this.

I shall not continue my journal. Our road to home lies plain and clear before us, and the great ice-field will soon be but a remembrance of the past. It will be some time before I get over the shock produced by recent events. When I began this record of our voyage I little thought of how I should be compelled to finish it. I am writing these final words in the lonely cabin, still starting at times and fancying I hear the quick, nervous

step of the dead man upon the deck above me. I entered his cabin to-night as was my duty, to make a list of his effects in order that they might be entered in the official log. All was as it had been upon my previous visit, save that the picture which I have described as having hung at the end of his bed had been cut out of its frame, as with a knife, and was gone. With this last link in a strange chain of evidence I close my diary of the voyage of the "Pole-star."

[NOTE by Dr. John McAlister Ray, senior. — "I have read over the strange events connected with the death of the captain of the 'Pole-star,' as narrated in the journal of my son. That everything occurred exactly as he describes it I have the fullest confidence, and, indeed, the most positive certainty, for I know him to be a strong-nerved and unimaginative man, with the strictest regard for veracity. Still, the story is, on the face of it, so vague and so improbable, that I was long opposed to its publication. Within the last few days, however, I have had independent testimony upon the subject which throws a new light upon it. I had run down to Edinburgh to attend a meeting of the British Medical Association, when I chanced to come across Dr. P——, an old college chum of mine, now practising at Saltash, in Devonshire. Upon my telling him of this experience of my son's, he declared to me that he was familiar with the man, and proceeded, to my no small surprise, to give me a description of him, which tallied remarkably well with that given in the journal, except that he depicted him as a younger man. According to his account, he had been engaged to a young lady of singular beauty residing upon the Cornish coast. During his absence at sea his betrothed had died under circumstances of peculiar horror."]

From The Contemporary Review.
THE BOLLANDISTS:

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF A MAGNUM OPUS.

THE majority of educated people have from time to time, in the course of their historical reading, come across some mention of the "*Acta Sanctorum*," or "Lives of the Saints;" while but few know anything as to the contents, or authorship, or history of that work. Yet it is a very great, nay a stupendous monument of what human industry, steadily directed for ages towards one point, can effect. Industry, directed for ages, I have said—an expression which to some must seem almost like a misprint, but which is quite justified by facts, since the first volume issued by the company of the Bollandists

is dated Antwerp, 1643; and the last, Paris, A.D. 1875. Two hundred and forty years have thus elapsed, and yet the work is not concluded. Indeed, as it has taken well-nigh two centuries and a half to narrate the lives of the saints commemorated in the first ten months of the year, it may easily happen that the bones of the present generation will all be mingled with the dust, before those saints be reached who are celebrated on the 31st of December. Some indeed—prejudiced by the very name "*Acta Sanctorum*"—may be inclined to turn away, with a contempt bred of ignorance, from the whole subject. But if it were only as a mental and intellectual tonic the contemplation of these sixty stately folios, embracing about a thousand pages each, would be a most healthy exercise for the men of this age. This is the halcyon period of primers, introductions, handbooks, manuals. "Knowledge made easy" is the cry on every side. We take our mental pabulum just as we take Liebig's essence of beef, in a very concentrated form, or as homœopaths imbibe their medicine, in the shape of globules. I do not desire, however, to say one word against such publications. The great scholars of the seventeenth century, the Bollandists, Casaubon, Fabricius, Valesius, Baluze, D'Achery, Mabillon, Combesius, Vossius, Canisius, shut up their learning in immense folios, which failed to reach the masses as our primers and handbooks do, penetrating the darkness and diffusing knowledge in regions inaccessible to their more ponderous brethren. But at the same time their majestic tomes stand as everlasting protests on behalf of real and learned inquiry of accurate, painstaking, and often most critical research into the sources whence history, if worth anything, must be drawn.

I propose in this paper to give an account of the origin, progress, contents, and value of the work of the Bollandists, regarded as the vastest repertory of original material for the history of mediæval times. This immense series is popularly known either as the "*Acta Sanctorum*" or the Bollandists. The former is the proper designation. The latter, however, will suit best as the peg on which we shall hang our narrative. John Bolland, or Joannes Bollandus as it is in Latin, was the name of the founder of a company which, more fortunate than most literary clubs, has lasted well-nigh three centuries. To him must be ascribed the honor of initiating the work, drawing the lines, and laying the foundations of a building

which has not yet been completed. That work was one often contemplated but never undertaken on the same exhaustive principles. Clement, the reputed disciple of the apostles Peter and Paul, is reported—in the "*Liber Pontificalis*" or "Lives of the Popes," dating from the early years of the sixth century—to have made provision for preserving the "Acts of the Martyrs." Apocryphal as this account seems, yet the honest reader of Eusebius must confess that the idea was no novel one in the second century, as is manifest from the well-known letter narrating the sufferings of the martyrs of Lyons and Vienne. Space would now fail us to trace the development of hagiography in the Church. Let it suffice to say that century after century, as it slowly rolled by, contributed its quota both in East and West. In the East even an emperor, Basil, gave his name to a Greek martyrology; while in both West and East the writings of Metaphrastes, Mombritius, Surius, Lipomanus, and Baronius, embalmed abundant legends in many a portly volume. Still the mind of a certain Heribert Rosweid, a professor at Douai, a Jesuit, and an enthusiastic antiquarian, was not satisfied. Rosweid was a typical instance of those Jesuits, learned and devout, who at a great crisis in the battle restored the fallen fortunes of the Church of Rome. As the original idea of the "Acta Sanctorum" is due to him, we may be pardoned in giving a brief sketch of his career, though he was not in strictness a member of the Bollandist Company.

Rosweid was born at Utrecht, in 1569, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1589, the year when all Europe, and the world at large, was ringing with the defeat of the Armada and the triumph of Protestantism. He studied and taught first at Douai and then at Antwerp, where, also after the manner of the Jesuits, he entered upon active pastoral work, in which he caught a contagious fever, of which he died A.D. 1629. His literary life was very active, and very fruitful in such literature as delighted that age. Thus he produced editions of various martyrologies, the modern Roman, the ancient Roman, and that of Ado; he discussed the question of keeping faith with heretics; took an active share in the everlasting controversy concerning the "*Imitatio Christi*," wherein he espoused the side of A Kempis and the Augustinians, as against Gerson and the Benedictines; published the lives of the Eastern ascetics, who were

the founders of modern monasticism; debated with Isaac Casaubon concerning Baronius; and published, in 1607, the "Lives of the Belgic Saints," where we find the first sketch or general plan of the "Acta Sanctorum." The idea of this great work suggested itself to Rosweid while living at Douai, where he used to employ his leisure time in the libraries of the neighboring Benedictine monasteries, in search of manuscripts bearing on the lives of the saints. It was an age of criticism, and he doubtless felt dissatisfied with all existing compilations, content as they were to repeat, parrot-like and without any examination, the legends of earlier ages. It was an age of research, too—more fruitful in some respects than those which have followed—and he felt that an immense mass of original material had never yet been utilized. It was at this period of his life he produced the work above mentioned, which we have briefly named the "Lives of the Belgic Saints," but the full title of which is, "*Fasti Sanctorum quorum Vitæ in Belgicis Bibliothecis Manuscriptæ*." He intended it as a specimen of a greater and more comprehensive work, embracing the lives of all the saints known to the Church throughout the world. He proposed that it should embrace sixteen volumes, divided in the following manner: the first volume dealing with the life of Christ and the great feasts; the second with the life of the Blessed Virgin and her feasts; the third to the sixteenth with the lives of the saints according to the days of the month, together with no less than thirteen distinct indexes, biographical, historical, controversial, geographical, and moral; so that the reader might not have any ground for the complaint so often brought against modern German scholars, that they afford no apparatus to help the busy student when consulting their works. Rosweid's idea as to the manner in which those volumes should be compiled was no less original. He proposed first of all to bring together all the lives of saints that had been ever published by previous hagiographers; which he would then compare with ancient manuscripts, as he was convinced that considerable interpolation had been made in the narratives. In addition, he desired to seek in all directions for new materials; and to illustrate all the lives hitherto published or unpublished, by explaining obscurities, reconciling difficulties, and shedding upon their darker details the light of a more modern criticism. Rosweid's fame was European in

the first quarter of the seventeenth century; and his proposal attracted the widest attention. To the best judges it seemed utterly impracticable. Cardinal Bellarmine heard of it, and proved his keenness and skill in literary criticism by asking what age the man was who proposed such an undertaking. When informed that he was about forty, "Ask him," said the learned cardinal, "whether he has discovered that he will live two hundred years; for within no smaller space can such a work be worthily performed by one man,"—an unconscious prophecy, which has found in fact a most ample fulfilment; for death snatched away Rosweid before he could do more towards his great undertaking than accumulate much precious material; while more than two hundred years have elapsed, and yet the work is not completed.

After the death of Rosweid, the Society of Jesus, which now regarded the undertaking as a corporate one, entrusted its continuation to Bollandus. He was thirty-three years of age, and had distinguished himself in every branch of the society's activity as a teacher, a divine, a scholar, and an orator. In this last capacity, indeed, it was his duty to address Latin sermons to the aristocracy of Antwerp, a fact which betokens a much more learned audience than now falls to any preacher's lot. He was a wise director of conscience too, a sphere of duty in which the Jesuits have always delighted. A story is told illustrating his skill in this direction. One of the highest magistrates of the city, being suddenly seized with a fatal illness, despatched a messenger for Bollandus, who at once responded to the call, only however to find the sick man in deepest trouble, on account of the sternness with which he had exercised his judicial functions. He acknowledged that he had often been the means of inflicting capital punishment when the other judges would have passed a milder sentence, in the belief that he was rescuing the condemned from greater crimes which they would inevitably commit, and securing the salvation of their souls through the repentance to which their ghostly adviser would lead them prior to their execution. Bollandus at once perceived that he had to deal with the over-scrupulous conscience of one who had striven, according to his light, to do his duty. He therefore produced his breviary, and proceeded to read and expound the hundred and first Psalm, "I will sing of mercy and judgment;" making such a very pertinent

application of it to the magistrate's case, as led him to cry out with tears, "What comfort thou hast brought me, father! now I die happy." A consideration of these numerous and apparently inconsistent engagements may not be without some practical use in this age. Looking at the varied occupations of Bollandus and his fellows, and at the massive works which they at the same time produced, who can help smiling at the outcry which the advocates for the endowment of research, as they style themselves, raised some time ago against the simple proposal of the Oxford University Commission, that well-endowed professors should deliver some lectures on their own special subjects? Such a practice, they maintained, would utterly distract the mind from all original investigation of the sources. Such certainly was not the case with the Bollandists, who yet could make time carefully—far more carefully than most modern historians—to investigate the sources of European history. But then the Bollandists were real students, and had neither lawn-tennis nor politics to divert them from their chosen career.

Bollandus again is a healthy study for us moderns in the triumph exhibited by him of mind over matter, of the ardent student over physical difficulties. His rooms were no pleasant college chambers, lofty, commodious, and well-ventilated; on the contrary the apartments where the volumes commemorating the saints of January saw the light were two small, dark chambers next the roof, exposed alike to the heat of summer and the cold of winter, in the Jesuit House at Antwerp. In them were heaped up, for such is the expression of his biographer, the documents accumulated by his society during forty years. How vast their number must have been is manifest from this one fact that Bollandus possessed upwards of four hundred distinct lives of saints, and more than two hundred histories of cities, bishoprics, and monasteries in the Italian language alone, whence our readers may judge of the size of the entire collection which dealt with the saints and martyrs of China, Japan, and Peru, as well as those of Greece and Rome.

Bollandus was summoned to his life's work in 1629. He at once entered upon a vigorous pursuit of fresh manuscripts in every quarter of the globe, wherein he was mightily assisted by the organization of the Jesuit Society, and by the liberal assistance bestowed upon his undertaking by successive abbots of the great Bene-

dictine Monastery of Liessies, near Cambray, specially by Antonius Winghius, the friend and patron, first of Rosweid, and then of Bollandus. Indeed, it was the existence and rich endowments of those great monasteries which explains the publication of such immense works as those of Bollandus, Mabillon, and Tillemont, quite surpassing any now issued even by the wealthiest publishers among ourselves, and only approached, and that at a distance, by Pertz's "Monumenta" in Germany.

New material was now poured upon him from every quarter, from English Benedictines even and Irish Franciscans; though indeed, as regards the latter, Bollandus seems to have cherished a wholesome suspicion as to the genuineness of many, if not most, of the Irish legends. But Bollandus, though he worked hard, and knew no other enjoyment save his work, was only human. He soon found the labor was too great for any one man to perform, while, in addition, he was racked and torn with disease in many shapes; gout, stone, rupture, all settled like harpies upon his emaciated frame, so that in 1635 he was compelled to take Henschenius as his assistant. This was in every respect a fortunate choice, as Henschenius proved himself a man of much wider views as to the scope of the work than Bollandus himself. Bollandus had proposed simply to incorporate the notices of the saints found in ancient martyrologies and manuscripts, adding brief notes upon any difficulties of history, geography, or theology, which might arise. To Henschenius was allotted the month of February. He at once set to work, and produced, under the date of Feb. 6, exhaustive memoirs of SS. Amandus and Vedastus, Gallic bishops of the sixth and eleventh centuries, whose lives present a striking picture of those troubled times amid which the foundations of French history were laid. Henschenius scorned the narrow limits within which his master would fain limit himself. He boldly launched out into a discussion of all the aspects of his subject, discussing not merely the men themselves, but also the history of their times, and doing that in a manner now impossible, as the then well-stored, but now widely scattered munitory rooms of the abbeys of Flanders and northern France lay at his disposal. Bollandus was so struck with the success of this innovation that he at once abandoned his own restricted ideas, and adopted the more exhaustive method of his assistant,

which of course involved the extension of the work far beyond the sixteen volumes originally contemplated. The first two volumes appeared in 1643, and the next three, including the "Saints of February," in 1658. About this time the reigning pontiff, Alexander VII., who had been the life-long friend and patron of Bollandus, pressed upon him an oft-repeated invitation to visit Rome, and utilize for his work the vast stores accumulated there and in the other libraries of Italy. Bollandus had hitherto excused himself. In fact, he possessed already more material than he could conveniently use. But now that larger apartments had been assigned to him, and proper arrangements and classifications adopted in his library — due especially to the skill of Henschenius — he felt that such a journey would be most advantageous to his work. As, however, he could not go in person, owing to his infirmities, which were daily increasing, he deputed thereto Henschenius and Daniel Papebrock, a young assistant lately added to the company, and destined to spend fifty-five years in its service. The history of that literary journey is well worth reading. The reader, curious on such points, will find it in the "Life of Bollandus," prefixed to the first volume of the "March Saints," chap. xiii.-xx. Still more interesting, were it printed, would be the diary of his journey kept by Papebrock, now preserved in the Burgundy Library at Brussels, and numbered 17,672. Twenty-nine months were spent in this journey, from the middle of 1659 to the end of 1661. Bollandus accompanied his disciples as far as Cologne, where they were received with almost royal honors. After parting with their master, his followers proceeded up the Rhine and through southern Germany, making a very thorough examination of the libraries, to all of which free access was given; the very Protestant town of Nuremberg being most forward to honor the literary travellers, while the president of the Lutheran Consistory assisted them even with his purse. Entering Italy by way of Trent, they arrived at Venice towards the end of October, where they found the first rich store of Greek manuscripts, and whence also they despatched by sea to Bollandus the first fruits of their toil. From Venice they made a thorough examination of the libraries of north-east Italy, at Vicenza, Verona, Padua, Bologna; whence they turned aside to visit Ravenna, walking thither one winter's day, November 18, a journey of thirty

miles — and Henschenius, be it observed, was now sixty years of age.* They spent the greater part of the year 1661 at Rome, at Naples — where the blood and relics of St. Januarius were specially exhibited to them, an honor only conferred on kings and their ambassadors — and amid the rich libraries of the numerous abbeys of southern Italy. But even when absent from Rome their work there went on apace. They enjoyed the friendship of some wealthy merchants from their own land, who liberally supplied them with money, enabling them to employ five or six scribes to copy the manuscripts they selected; while the patronage of two eminent scholars, even yet celebrated in the world of letters, Lucas Holstenius and Ferdinand Ughelli, backed by the still more powerful aid of the pope, placed every library at their command. The pope, indeed, went so far as to remove, in their case, every anathema forbidding the removal of books or manuscripts from the libraries. Lucas Holstenius, in his boyhood a Lutheran, in his later age an agent in the conversion of Queen Christina of Sweden, and one of the greatest among the giants of the black-letter learning of the age, rated the Bollandists and their work so highly that, at his decease, which took place while they were in Rome, he used their ministry alone in receiving the last sacraments of the Roman Church. Encouraged and supported thus, the Bollandists economized and utilized every moment. They were in the habit of rising before day to say their sacred offices; and then prosecuted, with their secretaries, their loved work till ten or eleven o'clock at night. When leaving Rome they were enabled therefore to send to Bollandus, by sea, a second consignment of three chests of manuscripts, in addition to a large store which they carried home themselves.

On their return journey they visited Florence and Milan, spending more than half a year in these libraries, and then proceeded through France to Paris, where they met scholars like Du Cange, Combes, and Labbe. They finally arrived at home December 21, 1661, to find Bollandus in a very precarious state of health,

* Henschenius was a man of great physical powers. He always delighted in walking exercise, and executed many of his literary journeys in Italy on foot, even amid the summer heats. Ten years later, when close on seventy, he walked on an emergency ten leagues in one day through the mountains and forests of the Ardennes district, and was quite fresh next day for another journey. He was a man of very full complexion. According to the medical system of the time, he indulged in blood-letting once or twice a year.

which terminated in his death in 1665. The life of Bolland is a type of the lives led by all his disciples and successors. Devout, retired, studious, they gave themselves up, generation after generation, to their appointed task, the elders continually assuming to themselves one or two younger assistants, so as to preserve their traditions unimpaired. And what a work was theirs! How it dwarfed all modern publications! Bollandus worked at eight of those folios, Henschenius at twenty-four, Papebrock at nineteen, Janningus his successor at thirteen; and so the work went on, aided by a subsidy from the Imperial house of Austria, till the suppression of the Jesuits, which was followed soon after by the dissolution of the Bollandists in 1788. Their library became then an object of desire to many foreigners, who would undoubtedly have purchased it, had it not been for the opposition of the local government, and of several Belgian abbeys. It was finally bought by Godfrey Hermans, a Præmonstratensian abbot, under whose auspices the publication of the work continued for seven years longer, till, on the outburst of the wars of the French Revolution, the library was dispersed, part burnt, part hidden, part hurried into Westphalia. At length, after various chances, a great part of the manuscripts was obtained for the ancient library of the house of Burgundy, now forming part of the Royal Library at Brussels, while others of them were reclaimed for the library of the New Bollandists at Louvain, where the work is now carried on. After the dissolution of the old company, two attempts at least, one in 1801 and the other in 1810 — this last under the all-powerful patronage of Napoleon — were made, though without success, to revive the work. Better fortune attended a proposal made in 1838 by four members of the Jesuit Society — viz., J. B. Boone, J. Vandermoere, P. Coppens, and J. van Hecke. Since that time the publication of the volumes has steadily proceeded; we may even hope that the progress of the work in the future will be still more rapid, as the company has lately added to its ranks P. C. de Smedt, one of the most learned and laborious ecclesiastical historians in the Roman communion.*

* Since this paper was written the Bollandists have issued a prospectus of an annual publication called "*Analecta Bollandiana*." From this document we learn that disease and death have now reduced the company very low. De Smedt has had to retire almost as soon as elected.

After this sketch of the history of the Bollandists, which the literary student can easily supplement from the various memoirs of deceased members scattered through the volumes of the "Acta Sanctorum," we proceed to a consideration of the results of labors so long, so varied, and so strenuous. We shall now describe the plan of the work, the helps all too little known towards the effective use thereof, and then offer some specimens illustrating its critical value. When an ordinary reader takes up a volume of the "Acta Sanctorum," he is very apt to find himself utterly at sea. The very pagination is puzzling, two distinct kinds being used in all of the volumes, and even three in some. Then again lists, indexes, dissertations, acts of saints, seem mingled indiscriminately. This apparent confusion, however, is all on the surface, as the reader will at once see, if he takes the trouble to read the second chapter of the general preface prefixed to the first volume of the "January Saints," where the plan of the work is elaborately set forth. Let us briefly analyze a volume. The daily order of the Roman martyrology was taken as the basis of Bolland's scheme. Our author first of all arranged the saints of each day in chronological order, discussing them accordingly. A list of the names belonging to it is prefixed to the portion of the volume devoted to each separate day, so that one can see at a glance the lives belonging to that day and the order in which they are taken. A list then follows of those rejected or postponed to other days. Next come prefaces, prolegomena, and "previous dissertations," examining the lives, actions, and miracles of the saints, authorship and history of the manuscripts, and other literary and historical questions. Then appear the lives of the saints in the original language, if Latin; if not, then a Latin version is given; while of the Greek *menologion*, which the Bollandists discovered during their Roman journey, we have both the Greek original and a Latin translation. Appended to the lives are annotations, explaining any difficulties therein; while no less than five or six indexes adorn each volume: the first an alphabetical list of saints discussed; the second chronological; the third historical; the fourth topographical; the fifth an onomasticon, or glossary; the sixth moral or dialectic, suggesting topics for preachers.

Prefixed to each volume will be found a dedication to some of the numerous pa-

trons of the Bollandists, followed by an account of the life and labors of any of their company who had died since their last publication. Thus, opening the first volume for March, we find, in order, a dedication to the reigning pope, Clement IX; the life of Bollandus; an alphabetical index of all the saints celebrated during the first eight days of March; a chronological list of saints discussed under the head of March 1; the lives of saints, including the Greek ones discovered by Henschenius during his Italian tour, ranged under their various natal days, followed by five indexes as already described. But, the reader may well ask, is there no general index, no handy means of steering one's way through this vast mass of erudition, without consulting each one of those fifty or sixty volumes? Without such an apparatus, indeed, this giant undertaking would be largely in vain; but here again the forethought of Bollandus from the very outset of his enterprise made provision for a general index, which was at last published at Paris, in 1875. We possess also in Potthast's "Bibliotheca Historica Medii Ævi," a most valuable guide through the mazes of the "Acta Sanctorum," while for a very complete analysis of every volume, joined with a lucid explanation of any changes in arrangement, we may consult De Backer's "Bibliothèque des Écrivains de la Compagnie de Jésus," t. v., under the name "Bollandus."

But some may say, what is the use of consulting these volumes? Are they not simply gigantic monuments of misplaced and misapplied human industry, gathering up every wretched nursery tale and village superstition, and transmitting them to future ages? Such certainly has been the verdict of some who knew only the backs of the books, or who at farthest had opened by chance upon some passage where—true to their rule which compelled them to print their manuscripts as they found them—the Bollandists have recorded the legendary stories of the Middle Ages. Yet even for an age which searches diligently, as after hid treasure, for the old folk-lore, the nursery rhymes, the popular songs and legends of Scandinavia, Germany, and Greece, the legends of mediæval Christendom might surely prove interesting. But I regard the "Acta Sanctorum" as specially valuable for mediæval history, secular as well as ecclesiastical, simply because the authors—having had unrivalled opportunities of obtaining or copying documents—printed

their authorities as they found them; and thus preserves for us a mine of historical material which otherwise would have perished in the French Revolution and its subsequent wars. Yet it is very strange how little this mine has been worked. We must suppose indeed that it was simply due to the want of the helps enumerated above — all of which have come into existence within the last twenty-five years — that neither of our own great historians who have dealt with the Middle Ages, Gibbon or Hallam, have, as far as we have been able to discover, ever consulted them.

Yet the very titles of even a few out of the very many critical dissertations appended to the "Lives of the Saints," will show how very varied and how very valuable were the purely historical labors of the Bollandists. Thus opening the first volume of the "Thesaurus Antiquitatis," a collection of the critical treatises scattered through the volumes published prior to 1750, the following titles strike the eye: "Dissertations on the Byzantine Historian Theophanes," on the "Ancient Catalogues of the Roman Pontiffs," on the "Diplomatic Art" — a discussion which elicited the famous treatise of Mabillon, "De Re Diplomatica," laying down the true principles for distinguishing false documents from true — on certain mediæval "Itineraries in Palestine," on the "Patriarchates of Alexandria and Jerusalem," on the "Bishops of Milan to the year 1261," on the "Mediæval Kings of Majorca" and no less than three treatises on the "Chronology of the Early Merovingian and other French Kings." Let us take for instance these last-mentioned essays on the early French kings. In them we find the Bollandists discovering a king of France, Dagobert II., whose romantic history, banishment to Ireland, restoration to his kingdom by the instrumentality of Archbishop Wilfrid, of York, and tragic death, had till their investigations lain hidden from every historian. As soon, indeed, as they had brought this obscure episode to light, and had elaborately traced the genealogy of the Merovingians, their claim to the discovery was disputed by Hadr. Valesius, the historiographer to the French court, who was of course jealous that any one else should know more about the origins of the French monarchy than he did. His pretension, however, was easily refuted by Henschenius, who showed that he had himself discovered this derelict king twelve years before Valesius turned his thoughts to

the subject, having published in 1654 a dissertation upon him distinct from those embodied in the "Acta Sanctorum." Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages," introduces this king, and notices that his history had escaped all historians till discovered by some learned men in the seventeenth century — for it is in this vague way he alludes to the Bollandists — and then refers for his authority to Sismondi, who in turn knows nothing of the Bollandists' share in the discovery, but attributes it to Mabillon when treating of the "Acts of the Benedictine Saints." Let us again take up Hallam, and we shall in vain search for notices of the kings of Majorca, a branch of the royal family of Arragon, who reigned over the Balearic Islands in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Let any one, however, desirous of a picture of the domestic life of sovereigns during the Middle Ages, take up Papebrock's treatise on the "Palatine Laws" of James II., King of Majorca, A.D. 1324, where he will see depicted — all the more minutely because from the size of his principality the king had no other outlet for his energy — the ritual of a mediæval court, illustrated, too, with pictures drawn from the original manuscript. In this document are laid down, with painful minuteness, the duties of every official from the chancellor and the major-domo to the lowest scullions and grooms, including butlers, cooks, blacksmiths, musicians, scribes, physicians, surgeons, chaplains, choir-men, and chamberlains. Remote, too, as these kings of Majorca and their elaborate ceremonial may seem to be from the England of to-day, a careful study of these "Palace Laws" would seem to indicate either that our own court ritual was derived from it, or else that both are deduced from one common stock. The point of contact, however, between our own court etiquette and that of Majorca is not so very hard to find. The kings of Arragon, acting on the usual principle, might is right, devoured the inheritance of their kinsmen, which lay so tantalizingly close to their own shores, during the lifetime of the worthy legislator, James II. But as Greece led captive her conqueror, Rome, so too Arragon, though superior in brute force, bowed to the genius of Majorca, at least on points of courtly details, and adopted *en bloc* the laws of James II., which were published as his own by Peter IV., king of Arragon, A.D. 1344. Thence they passed over to the united kingdom of Castile and Arragon, and so may have

easily found their way to England; for surely, if a naturally ceremonious people like the Spaniards needed instruction on such matters from the Majorcans, how much more must colder northerners like ourselves! The incident illustrates the special opportunities possessed by the Bollandists for consulting ancient documents, which otherwise would most probably have been lost forever. Their manuscript of those Majorcan laws seems to have been originally the property of the legislator himself. When King James was dispossessed of his kingdom he fled to Philip VI. of France, seeking redress, and bearing with him a splendid copy of his laws as a present, which his son and successor John in turn presented to Philip, Duke of Burgundy. After lying there a century it found its way to Flanders, in the train of a Duchess of Burgundy, and thus finally came into the possession of the Antwerp Jesuits.

Again, the study of the Bollandists throws light upon the past history and present state of Palestine. Thus the indefatigable Papebrock, equally at home in the most various kinds of learning, discusses the history of the bishops and patriarchs of Jerusalem, in a tract preliminary to the third volume for May. But, not content with a subject so wide, he branches off to treat of divers other questions relating to Oriental history, such as the Essenes and the origin of monasticism, the Saracenic persecution of the Eastern Christians, and the introduction of the Arabic notation into Europe. On this last head the Bollandists anticipate some modern speculations.* He maintains, on the authority of a Greek manuscript in the Vatican, written by an Eastern monk, Maximus Planudes, about 1270, that, while the Arabs derived their notation from the Brahmins of India, about A.D. 200, they only introduced it into eastern Europe so late as the thirteenth century. Upon the geography of Palestine again they give us information. All modern works of travel or survey dealing with the Holy Land, make frequent reference to the records left us by men like Eusebius and Jerome, and the itineraries of the "Bordeaux Pilgrim," of Bishop Arculf, A.D., 700, Benjamin of Tudela, A.D. 1163, and others. In the second volume for May, we have presented to us two itineraries, one of which seems to

have escaped general notice. One is the record of Antoninus Martyr, a traveller in the seventh century. This is well known and often quoted. The other is the diary of a Greek priest, Joannes Phocas, describing "the castles and cities from Antioch to Jerusalem, together with the holy places of Syria, Phœnicia, and Palestine," as they were seen by him in the year 1185. This manuscript, first published in the "Acta Sanctorum," was discovered in the island of Chios, by Leo Allatius, afterwards librarian of the Vatican. It is very rich in interesting details concerning the state of Palestine and Christian tradition in the twelfth century. The Bollandists again were the first to bring prominently forward in the last volume of June the "Ancient Roman Calendar of Polemeus Silvius." This seems to have been a combined calendar and diary, kept by some citizen of Rome in the middle of the fifth century. It records from day to day the state of the weather, the direction of the wind, the birthdays of eminent characters in history, poets like Virgil, orators like Cicero, emperors like Vespasian and Julian; and is at the same time most important as showing the large intermixture of heathen ideas and fashions which still continued paramount in Rome a century and a half after the triumph of Christianity.

The new Bollandists, indeed, do not produce such exhaustive monographs as their predecessors did; but we cannot join in the verdict of the writer in the new issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," who tells us that the continuation is much inferior to the original work. Some of their articles manifest a critical acquaintance with the latest modern research, as, for instance, their dissertation on the Homerite martyrs and the Jewish Homerite kingdom of southern Arabia, wherein they display their knowledge of the work done by the great Orientalists of England and Germany, while in their history of St. Rose, of Lima, A.D. 1617, they celebrate the only American who was ever canonized by the Roman Catholic Church, and, at the same time, give us a fearful picture of the austerities to which fanaticism can lead its victims. Perhaps to some readers one of the most interesting points about this great work, when viewed in the light of modern history, will be the complete change of front which it exhibits on one of the test questions about papal infallibility. One of the great difficulties in the path of this doctrine is the case of Liberius, pope in the middle

* Cf., for instance, Colebrooke's "Life and Essays," i. 309, iii. 360, 399, 474; Wepké, "Memoir on the Propagation of Indian Cyphers in Jour. Asiatique," 1863.

of the fourth century. He is accused — and to ordinary minds the accusation seems just — of having signed an Arian formula, of having communicated with the Arians, and of having anathematized St. Athanasius. He stood firm for a while, but was exiled by the emperor. During his absence Felix II. was chosen pope. Liberius after a time was permitted to return; whereupon the spectacle, so often afterwards repeated, was witnessed of two popes competing for the papal throne. Felix, however he may have fared in life, has fairly surpassed his opponent in death, since Felix appears in the Roman martyrology as a saint and a martyr under the date of July 29; while Liberius is not admitted therein even as a confessor. This would surely seem to give us every guarantee for the sanctity of Felix, and the fallibility of Liberius, as the Roman martyrology of to-day is guaranteed by a decree of Pope Gregory XIII., issued “under the ring of the fisherman.” In this decree “all patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, and religious orders,” are bidden to use this martyrology without addition, change, or subtraction; while any one so altering it is warned that he will incur the wrath of Almighty God and of the blessed apostles Peter and Paul. The earlier Bollandists, with this awful anathema hanging over them, most loyally accepted the Roman martyrology, and therefore most vigorously maintained, in the seventh volume for July, the heresy of Liberius, as well as the orthodoxy and saintship of Felix. But, as years rolled on, this admission was seen to be of most dangerous consequence; and so we find, in the sixth volume for September, that Felix has become, as he still remains in current Roman historians, like Alzog, a heretic, a schismatic, and an anti-pope, while Liberius is restored to his position as the only valid and orthodox Bishop of Rome. But then the disagreeable question arises, if this be so, what becomes of the papal decree of Gregory XIII. issued *sub annulo piscatoris*, and the anathemas appended thereto? With the merits of this controversy, however, we are, as historical students, in a very slight degree concerned; and we simply produce these facts as specimens of the riches contained in the externally unattractive volumes of the “Acta Sanctorum.” Space would fail us, did we attempt to set forth at any length the contents of these volumes. Suffice it to say that even upon our English annals, which have been so thor-

oughly explored of late years, the records of the Bollandists would probably throw some light, discussing as they do, at great length, the lives of such English saints as Edward the Confessor and Wilfrid of York; and yet they are not too favorably disposed towards our insular saints, since they plainly express their opinion that our pious simplicity has filled their acts with incredible legends and miracles, more suited to excite laughter than to promote edification.

But, doubtless, our reader is weary of our hagiographers. We must, therefore, notice briefly the controversies in which their labors involved them. Bollandus, when he died, departed amid universal regret: Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, all joined with Jesuits in regret for his death, and in prayers for his eternal peace. A few years afterwards the society experienced the very fleeting character of such universal popularity. During the issue of the first twelve volumes, they had steered clear of all dangerous controversies by a rigid observance of the precepts laid down by Bollandus. In discussing, however, the life of Albert, at first Bishop of Vercelli, and afterwards papal legate and Latin patriarch of Jerusalem, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, Papebrock challenged the alleged antiquity of the Carmelite order, which affected to trace itself back to Elijah the Tishbite. This piece of scepticism brought down a storm upon his devoted head, which raged for years and involved popes, yea even princes and courts, in the quarrel. Du Cange threw the shield of his vast learning over the honest criticism of the Jesuits. The Spanish Inquisition stepped forward in defence of the Carmelites; and toward the end of the seventeenth century condemned the first fourteen volumes of the “Acta Sanctorum” as dangerous to the faith. The Carmelites were very active in writing pamphlets in their own defence, wherein after the manner of the time they deal more in hard words and bad names than in sound argument. Thus the title of one of their pamphlets describes Papebrock as “the new Ishmael whose hand is against every man and every man’s hand is against him.” It is evident, however, that they felt the literary battle going against them, inasmuch as in 1696 they petitioned the king of Spain to impose perpetual silence upon their adversaries. As his most Catholic Majesty did not see fit to interfere, they presented a similar memorial to Pope In-

nocent XIII., who in 1699 imposed the *clôture* upon all parties, and thus effectually terminated a battle which had raged for twenty years. Papebrock again involved himself at a later period in a controversy touching a very tender and very important point in the Roman system. In discussing the lives of some Chinese martyrs, he advocated the translation of the Liturgy into the vulgar tongue of the converts; which elicited a reply from Gueranger in his "Institutions Théologiques;" while again between the years 1729 and 1736 a pitched battle took place between the Bollandists and the Dominicans touching the genealogy of their founder, St. Dominic. All these controversies, with many other minor ones in which they were engaged, will be found summed up in an apologetic folio which the Bollandists published. In looking through it the reader will specially be struck by this instructive fact, that the bitterness and violence of the controversy were always in the inverse ratio of the importance of the points at issue. This much also must any fair mind allow: the Society of Jesus, since the days of Pascal and the "Provincial Letters," has been regarded as a synonym for dishonesty and fraud. From any such charge the student of the "Acta Sanctorum" must regard the Bollandists as free. In them we behold oftentimes a credulity which would not have found place among men who knew by experience more of the world of life and action, but, on the other hand, we find in them thorough loyalty to historical truth. They deal in no suppression of evidence; they give every side of the question. They write like men who feel as Bollandus their founder did, that under no circumstances is it right to tell a lie. They never hesitate to avow their own convictions and predilections. They draw their own conclusions, and put their own gloss upon facts and documents; but yet they give the documents as they found them, and they enable the impartial student—working not in trammels as they did—to make a sounder and truer use of them. They display not the spirit of the mere confessor, whose tone has been lowered by the stifling atmosphere of the casuistry with which he has been perpetually dealing; but the braced soul, the hardy courage of the historical critic, who, having climbed the lofty peaks of bygone centuries, has watched and noted the inevitable discovery and defeat of lies, the grandeur and beauty of truth. They were Jesuits

indeed, and, like all the members of that society, were bound, so far as possible, to sink all human affections and consecrate every thought to the work of their order. If such a sacrifice be lawful for any man, if it be permitted any thus to suppress the deepest and holiest affections which God has created, surely such a sacrifice could not have been made in the pursuance of a worthier or nobler object than the rescue from destruction, and the preservation to all ages, of the facts and documents contained in the "Acta Sanctorum."

GEORGE T. STOKES.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A SINGULAR CASE.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the autumn of 1880 I was making a journey from Chicago to San Francisco. Travelling alone, I naturally looked about me when the train had left Omaha, to see of what character my fellow-passengers were, and if there was any prospect of getting entertainment or amusement out of them to shorten the hours as we sped across the monotonous plains. The car was not crowded, and I had an entire section to myself. The one opposite was in possession of a clergyman—Episcopal, I thought—with his wife and two rosy-cheeked, charming children. I am very fond of children if about the age these were, and I felt that I might amuse myself with the little cherubs for at least a part of the time if nothing better offered; but I had strong hopes of finding some whist-players who loved the game as well as I do. Immediately behind, and with his back toward me, was a strongly-built, elderly man, deeply absorbed in a medical journal, and whom I therefore judged to be a doctor. I walked down the aisle and back in order that I might get a view of his face, which, when I did, gave evidence of so much intelligence and such varied experience, that I felt sure if the whist-party failed I would find in him an unusually entertaining conversationalist. Besides the doctor and the clergyman there were several parties of tourists, whose entire attention was occupied by the flitting landscape, and who were very enthusiastic over the "wild West,"—taking every ugly dog for a *coyote*,* and every roughly dressed farmer for a border ruffian. Then there were some business

* Prairie wolf.

men, evidently returning to their Western homes, who were lost in the latest Denver and San Francisco newspapers. After scrutinizing the passengers, and settling in my mind their various characteristics, I felt that I would like to engage my medical neighbor in conversation; but I saw no opportunity, as he remained interested in his reading. I thought if I had a table adjusted in my section it might perhaps attract his attention, and give me a chance to ask him if he would like a game of cards; so I told the porter to fetch one and put it up. But the doctor kept on reading; and I finally took out a cigar and sauntered forward into the smoking-car, taking a seat by a window, and gazing abstractedly out across the undulating plain, which stretched like a heaving ocean as far in all directions as the eye could reach. I had not been there long before a voice suddenly said,—

"I beg pardon, but is this seat taken?" indicating the one by my side.

"No," I replied, and turned to find myself face to face with the medicine-man of my own car.

"If you have no objection I will sit here, then," he said, at the same time lighting a cigar.

"None in the least," I answered. "On the contrary, I shall be glad to have you."

"Oh, thank you," he said quietly, as he sat down.

"I came near disturbing you in the other car," I continued, "to ask if you would take a hand at whist; but you were so deeply absorbed in your magazine that I didn't have the courage to do it."

He laughed a frank, good-natured laugh.

"Yes," he said; "that was the last number of the *Medical Record*, and I was interested in the description of a very singular case of aphasia."

"You are a doctor then?"

"I am; Dr —, at your service. And you?" he said.

"Oh, I — I'm what you would call a quill-driver, I suppose."

"Aha! — an author, editor, etc., etc. Ah, yes; I see, I see. I must be careful what I say to you, or I'll find myself in print the first thing I know, — eh?" he said, with his good-natured laugh again.

"No, no," I returned, laughing also; "you're perfectly safe. I'm not a journalist; I won't 'interview' you. At any rate, consider me off duty just now. But you have reminiscences, — I know you have, — and if you will give me some points out of what I am sure has been a varied ex-

perience, I will gladly listen, and will promise to use them judiciously, or not at all, as you like."

"Well, well," he said thoughtfully, "I don't know that I have anything very extraordinary to tell about. Let me see. Yes; there was that Burnfield case that came under my notice about ten years ago. That was a singular — a very singular case."

"A singular case!" I said eagerly; "that's just the thing, I know. Tell me all about it, I beg of you."

He consented willingly, and proceeded to narrate the facts on which the following story is based, giving me full permission to use them as I saw fit. I was deeply interested, and afterwards visited the genial doctor in his own home to secure further details, and while there he introduced me to Governor —, the Putterton of my story. Both the doctor and the governor rode with me over the Bighorn Pass, though a railway had succeeded in traversing the Smoky Hill Range by a series of steep grades and long tunnels. They assured me I could get no idea of the country from the railway, and insisted on conducting me on horseback by the old trail. I confess I never before saw, either in Europe or America, such a magnificent view as that from the summit of the pass looking toward Glen Ellen. After several delightful weeks spent in that region, I reluctantly bade farewell to the doctor and returned home; and I desire to embrace this opportunity of thanking him once more, not only for his interesting narrative, but for his kind and generous hospitality.

GREZ, August, 1882.

CHAPTER I.

THE bar-room or office of the Park View House, Rubyville, was well-nigh deserted; for though the month was February, and the weather had for some time been raw and disagreeable, the air on the day of which I write was fresh and balmy, and a flood of brilliant sunlight spread over all outdoors with a softness that clearly heralded the near approach of spring. It was one of those exceptionally charming winter days which cause the interior of any habitation whatever to seem little better than a dungeon; and as the bar-room of the Park View House was on no occasion the least cheerful or inviting, the miners and citizens who spent the days while the mines were "shut down" in lounging here for lack of

a better place, were glad enough to betake themselves to the open air, and, while strolling along the single narrow street, speculate on the feasibility of a prospecting tour into the almost unknown Smoky Hill Range, or ponder on the future of the enterprising and fast-growing mining-camp of Rubyville. Therefore it was that the great flat spittoons, the dilapidated and much-whittled furniture, and the huge rusty stove, instead of being appropriated by the usual coterie of expectorating pioneers, were left almost entirely to themselves. The door of the stove hung carelessly open, and the smouldering fire exhibited only feeble signs of life by a dull red glow — a striking contrast to the furnace-heat which had raged within almost constantly for the last three months. During that time the apartment was comparatively gay, and resounded with laughter and heated argument; but now it was duller and drearier than ever, and the monotonous dripping of the icicles hanging from the eaves added to the dreariness. Even the clerk, fat and lazy, had departed so far from the ordinary routine of the establishment as to partially open the outer door for a while, thereby giving entrance to a soft breeze and a ray of dancing sunshine. But, as if fearful lest this might prove a disturbing element to the two persons earnestly talking together in the farthest corner of the dingy room, he altered his mind apparently, and slipping quietly across the rough floor — not, however, without stumbling over one of the spittoons — gently closed the door, and the apartment assumed once more its cell-like character. The men in the corner were too busily engaged in their conversation to notice any trivial action going on about them, so that the inviting sunshine, and the fresh atmosphere, and the dull interior of the room in which they were seated, disturbed them not in the least, nor did they appear to notice the presence of a third party in the person of the hotel-clerk: and this functionary, on his part, as was doubtless his custom under such circumstances, seemed to have forgotten even his own existence after closing the door; for he had lazily seated himself on a low bench by a window, extended his legs along it, braced his back and head against the counter immediately behind him, and dropped off into peaceful and innocent slumber.

Mr. William Chloride, one of the two individuals in the corner, tipped his chair slowly back against the wall, and as he deliberately whittled the end of a match

into a toothpick, said meditatively, as if in reply to some question, —

"Wal, I dun'no, — can't say. P'raps we may find out wen we go thur. Anyway, we won't hev no trouble findin' it, if it's thur, map or no map; an' I reckon Bill Chloride kin smell out the trail some way or nuther."

"That being the case then," said the other, "we will overhaul the papers and be ready to start as soon as the snow leaves the pass. If we find it, we can organize a district and fix things to suit ourselves."

"Prezackly," answered Chloride; "an' I tell ye, Putterton, ye'll see a rush wen it gits out, you bet."

"Without a doubt; but we don't care if we can have a week or two there beforehand. Let's take something, and then go to my room and look over the papers. Perhaps after a drop of Tarantula juice, as you fellows call it, to stimulate our wits, we can discover something that will give us more light on the mystery. I say, Tommy!" — to the clerk — "oh, Tommy! The rascal is asleep on duty. Tommy Bolanger!"

Tommy Bolanger slowly opens his sleepy eyes, and, with a vast yawn, looks inquiringly about in search of the cause of his disturbance.

"Wat an ole snoozer you air, Tommy! Come — come, skip aroun' lively now, an' give us some o' yer rat-pizen."

At the sound of Chloride's voice Tommy aroused himself very quickly, and slipping behind the bar, inquired of Putterton what he would have. Putterton thought he would take a little peach-brandy, and Tommy accordingly selected one from the numerous cut-glass bottles on the decorated shelf, and placed it with glasses before him. Then to Bill he said, "As usual, I suppose;" and Bill calmly replied, "As usual." A bottle, labelled "Old Rye," was set out for Mr. Chloride, and from it he filled the small glass before him to the brim. Lifting it, he said to Putterton, "Here's luck!" at the same time carrying it to his lips and emptying the contents down his throat at a single gulp; then swallowing half a glass of water he turned on his heel, cleared his throat, and exclaimed in a tone of disgust, "Damn the stuff!"

"Why do you say that, Bill?" asked Putterton in some surprise, for he knew that Bill consumed no small quantity of the self-same liquor.

"Wal, I've bean thinkin' o' late that the less a feller hes to do with wiskey the

better fur him as a rule. See how Tom Boland went down wen whiskey got the better o' him, an' it wur wiskey 'at brought on the row 'at killed poor little John Burns. An' so it goes, — wiskey — wiskey — wiskey — the ole devil himself is in it."

"Why don't you stop drinking it, then?"

"Stop! Wal, first, 'cause my health kinder seems to need it; an' second, 'cause a feller can't be a teetotaller roun' a mining camp without too much trouble, — the easiest thing is to drink moderately, which ye know I do."

"Probably you are right," answered Putterton, leading the way to the staircase which gave access to the floor above, — "probably you are right," he repeated; and taking three steps at a time, was quickly on the next floor, at the door of room Number One — his own apartment. Chloride followed closely; and when they had entered, Putterton carefully closed the door and pushed the bolt into its socket, saying at the same time, "Now, old fellow, we are alone, and can talk with perfect freedom." Then taking a bunch of keys from his pocket he unlocked his trunk, and took therefrom a worn and battered metallic box, about six inches wide and deep, and a foot long. The lock of this had been forced, so that it was not necessary to apply a key to open it. He placed it on the table, lifted the cover, and exposed to view several packages of letters and papers, which had evidently so long rested in this time-worn receptacle, and had been so much exposed to the weather, that they were tender and mouldy with age. Carefully lifting these out, and laying them on a newspaper arranged for the purpose, he brought to light several larger folded documents, also much the worse for age and exposure, which he proceeded to extract with great care and place beside the first papers he had removed. Bill Chloride had rested his folded arms on the edge of the table, and calmly watched the proceedings with deep interest. As the last paper was taken out Putterton exclaimed, —

"There they are now — in better order than I ever hoped to see them. We will begin by opening the letters. We may find out through them who he was and where he came from; perhaps we may find out where he went to. But, I say, Bill, you were in such a hurry before when you told me about finding this, and skipped through your story, so that I am all mixed up. I wish you would tell me

again — we have plenty of time now — come."

"Wal," said Bill, "ef ye can stand my lingo long enough, I kin tell ye the hull of it — from the time I left the boys in Buckskin Valley, till I mounted the pass on the way to Ruby."

"Suppose you do then; just give me the whole thing unabridged, — there's no hurry. But I wish Winmore had arrived this morning, as he wrote he would, so that he could hear it too. Hello! a rap — I'll bet it's Win; speak of the devil, and so forth, you know," and so saying, he drew the bolt and partly opened the door. As he obtained a full view of the person without, he threw it wide open, exclaiming heartily, "Welcome, old boy! welcome to the wilds of the far West! How are you, anyway? Ah, Bill, this is Philip Winmore; and, Phil, the gentleman before you is Mr. William Chloride — better known, perhaps, in all this region as Chloride Bill."

Philip Winmore grasped the hand of Chloride Bill, and it closed over his with the grip of a grizzly, causing him to wince slightly, while Bill said with a broad, honest smile, "How air ye, sir!" Winmore was at once impressed with an idea that Bill was no ordinary character, in spite of the incorrectness of his speech and the roughness of his dress, and he felt a great admiration for him. He fell to talking with Putterton over some business affairs, and Bill meanwhile pulled out his pocket-knife and again engaged his attention in the manufacture, with excessive care, of a toothpick from the unsulphured end of a match. This was a favorite occupation of Chloride's when not otherwise engaged, and usually denoted deep thought on his part; for with all his peculiarities he was a good deal of a philosopher. He seemed always to take a philosophical view of matters, and under no circumstances could he be excited. Whether seated in a warm corner of the bar-room, puffing leisurely at his immense meerschau pipe, or whether face to face with a bear or mountain lion, it was to him much the same. His wonderful nerve and steady coolness had more than once preserved not only his own life, but also the lives of his companions; and the name of Chloride Bill had finally come to be a synonym for daring and bravery. To say a man was as bold as Chloride Bill was to bestow on him one of the highest compliments known in the Smoky Hill district. Bill was tall — over six feet — but in consequence of a slight drooping

of the shoulders, his height was not so much remarked. He would weigh, perhaps, no more than a hundred and fifty pounds, but every ounce of this was solid bone and sinew. His shoulders, though they drooped, were square in build; his countenance, adorned with a soft beard and moustache, of an iron-grey color, was handsome and well-modelled; and his clear eyes were dark and penetrating. He spoke the dialect common to most of the miners of the region; but whether it was the language of his youth or the result of association, no one in the Smoky Hill district knew. He had never been heard to mention a single incident of his life previous to his first appearance in the district, and he conducted himself as if all before that time had been blotted out of his mind. But as it was a common thing at that period for men to appear in the wilder regions of the great West without antecedent history—for reasons best known to themselves—no questions were asked, and Bill's silence on points relating to his early life was duly respected. No one knew whence he had come. Accompanied only by a half-famished shepherd-dog, he had sprung mysteriously into being, so far as the Smoky Hill district was concerned, at Granite City, some fourteen years before; and from the circumstance of his having had in his possession several fine specimens of chloride of silver, he was unanimously dubbed "Chloride Bill."

His actions were occasionally so erratic and singular that he was sometimes suspected of being what was termed "half crazy;" but the more charitable ascribed his peculiarities to the extremely violent attacks of headache to which he was known to be subject, and which frequently prostrated him for several days. During these periods of illness his mind appeared to wander, but each recurrence was shorter and less severe, till, finally, they disappeared almost entirely. His good luck, which was as mysterious as the man himself, soon placed him among the wealthiest in the district, though he cared nothing for the gold, and spent it with a lavish hand. His boundless generosity had lifted many a struggling creature out of the depths of despair, and placed him on the road to fortune; and Granite, which was fast growing to be one of the most flourishing cities of the West, owed much of its improvement and importance to the princely munificence of the citizen who came so strangely within its gates. Gradually Bill's peculiarities became less

marked, or his friends came to notice them less. His keen perception and excellent judgment began to be respected to such a degree, that many men went to great trouble to secure the counsel of Chloride Bill, or Bill Chloride, as he came to be called by those not on terms of intimacy with him. The citizens at length gained so much confidence in, and respected to such an extent, their peculiar townsman, that they desired to nominate him for an important political office,—but he firmly declined. And herein he differed decidedly from Putterton, who had been seeking a nomination of the very same kind for some time. But Putterton was young and ambitious. He was no more than seven-and-twenty, while Bill was at least twenty years his senior. Putterton had taken up his residence in Granite two or three years before, and a close friendship had sprung up between him and Chloride. He was a mining engineer by profession, and was well and favorably known throughout the whole of the extensive district, and he meant to win all the distinction possible. Small and wiry, he was full of energy and pluck, and was certain to secure for himself a foremost place in the rapidly growing territory. Winmore, the last of the trio shut together in room Number One of the Park View House, was fresh from the East, just out of college, and not over twenty-five years of age. He was intelligent, muscular, well-read, well-balanced, and fearless. Such were the general characteristics of the men who had undertaken to elucidate the mystery connected with the box discovered by Bill Chloride.

CHAPTER II.

THE conversation between Putterton and Winmore was at length interrupted by Bill, who, growing tired of manufacturing toothpicks, suddenly burst out with,—

"Say thur, ef you fellers is goin' to hold prayer-meetin' all night, I'm goin' to git, I am."

"Well, Bill, we'll stop at once. I was anxious to talk with Win about some matters back home, and forgot myself. Fire away with your story—we're ready;" and with this Putterton drew a chair up to the table. Winmore followed his example. Bill thereupon settled comfortably back into the large armchair in which he was seated, and began his narrative.

"Wal, ye see, we fellers was over in the Smoky Hill—hole on—whur's my pipe? I must fill *her* up first and give *her* a start;

I'd be plumb lost without that thur ole pipe o' mine—I would. Han' me the terbacker, will ye?"—pointing to a pouch lying on the table at the farther end. "Here you are," said Winmore, and Bill took it, plunged into it the bowl of his pipe, which he had produced from one of his pockets, and by vigorous stuffing, soon succeeded in packing the capacious cavity full. Then placing the amber-tipped end in his mouth, he drew forth from another pocket a small but elaborately engraved silver box, and took from it a match. Deliberately lighting this, he held it aloft over the rich brown bowl, and as he drew on the stem, the flame shot alternately into the pipe and into the air. As soon as he felt that the tobacco had fairly ignited, Bill, still holding the burning match over the pipe, recommenced his tale, drawing on the tobacco between the words, evidently to make doubly sure that the ignition was complete.

"Ye see"—puff, puff—"ye see, we fellers"—puff—"was over"—puff, puff, puff—"in the Smoky"—puff, puff—"Hill"—puff, puff, puff, puff—the blaze of the match reached his fingers and he threw it down. Silence reigned for some time, as he gave a number of additional rapid puffs, till the smoke was thick about his head. "There, now—she's goin' fine;" and once more he settled down into the chair, put his feet up on the table in true Western fashion, and proceeded:—

"We was over in the Smoky Hill kentry a-prospectin'. Most o' the fellers hed never bean thur afore 'cept me, and I hedn't bean thur—I mean over the Bighorn—more'n three four times. It wur gittin' 'long purty late in the fall,—wur 'bout the last o' October, if I remember rightly,—an' the sky fur some time hed bean purty dull an' grey-like—looked as ef it would like to snow; an' I ses to the boys one evenin', ses I: 'See yer, it's 'bout time we was gittin' out'n yer, or first thing we know we'll be snowed in—leastwise the snow'll come so deep in the pass, 't we'll hev an all-fired tough time a-crossin', an' I, fur one, don't keer to winter this side. Game ain't none too plenty jest yer; an' they hain't no houses, and Bill Chloride don't keer to begin bildin' any, he don't—so le's pack up an' skip out. If thur's any gold or silver yer, I reckon it'll stay till we kin come agin: wat d'ye say?' They was all purty much o' my mind in the matter, an' the upshot wur we decided to pull out next mornin'. But ole Jake—you know ole Jake, Jake

Stubwell—ole Jake, he didn't git in that night till after dark—till after we'd had the conflag 'bout skippin' fur Ruby; so wen he comes an' finds we air goin' to move, he gits kind o' mad-like, an' ses we was all a lot o' babies to be skeered by a little murky sky. He said to wait till the first fly o' snow 'fore we talked 'bout breakin' camp; an' he went on in that thur style—he's a good talker, Jake is—till all the fellers 'cept me felt a leetle shamed, an' kalkilated it would be sate enough to wait a few days longer—'specially as Jake brought in a deuced rich piece o' float, wich, he said, he must ha' foun' within a short piece o' the main lead. 'Wal,' ses I, 'you kin all stay if ye likes, o' course; but jest put this in yer pipes and smoke it—ye'll be sorry fur it,' Queer, too; fur they nearly allus takes my advice. With that I tole 'em I was off in the mornin' bright an' airly,—an' so I wur. I slung my saddle on to ole Doc, an' tole the boys good-bye,—wished 'em good luck, an' pulled out. The kentry over thur, as you will see, air wild an' rough as hell itself; an' I know mighty little 'bout it, an' no feller knows more'n me. I hedn't gone not more'n ten mile, I reckon, from the camp 'fore I came in sight o' Bald Mounting, wich air the mounting on the north o' the Bighorn Pass. Wen I see Baldy, I diskivered—or thought I diskivered—thet the trail we hed follered first swung too fur to the north, an' thet by cuttin' 'cross fur a sharp gap in a high spur to the right—wich wur a prominent feater o' the region—I could save at least ten mile; thet wur my kalkilation. I don't believe in cuttin' cross-lots, as a rule, wen a feller's in a hurry, fur he mos' allus loses more'n he gains by it: but this day I felt a sort o' hankerin' to go through the gap afore-said; I was kind o' drawn tow'ds it—I felt as ef I *must* go that way; so wen the trail commenced swingin' further an' further to the north'ard, I jest turned ole Doc straight fur the gap. It wur a rash proceedin' under the circumstances; but I felt thet wur the way to go, an' go I did. Wal, fur 'bout a mile an' a half it wur rough as blazes, an' I wur 'bout beginnin' to think I hed made a mighty bad go of it, wen all to onc't I noticed, much to my surprise, an ole an' dim trail some twenty or thirty feet to my right. I rode closter, an' foun' it plainer 'n I hed thought. It seemed to hev onc't bean travelled considable, an' I took it fur an' ole Injun trail. I started in an' follered it a ways, an' demme, ef it didn't go straight for the

gap. It got plainer an' plainer, an' took along a stretch o' level bench land, where I could let ole Doc right out. It wur not long 'fore I reached the edge o' the gap, an' then I wur astonished agin at the curos appearance o' the place. The rocks stood up bold-like all roun', an' wur different from any I hed ever seed in the Smoky Hill range, an' thur wur a queer, creepy kind o' feelin' 'bout the spot. I looked fur Bald Mounting, to be sure 'at I wur not plumb lost, but the cliffs o' the gap hid it from sight. I looked back in the direction o' camp, an' could see the tall dome o' the Buckskin, so I felt more at home. While I wur a star-gazin' at the Buckskin an' the rocks o' the gap, one o' ole Doc's shoes gave a sharp ring; an', thinkin' he had cast a shoe, I pulled him up mad like, an' sayin', 'Cuss the luck!' got off to pick it up."

Bill paused for a moment, and took a series of deliberate puffs at his pipe. "Thur lay the shoe," he went on; "but demme, it wur old an' worn an' rusty, an' more'n that, Doc's shoes was all on tight as drums. 'Hey, how's this?' I says, sorter rubbin' my eyes—'a horseshoe here—over in the Smoky Hill Range, on a trail 'at no one knows nothin' about,—an' ole horseshoe! I'll hev to investigate this;' an' I cut off a good-sized branch from a scrub cedar growin' clost by, an' stuck it up 'side the trail, 'tween four or five rocks, fur a sign like, so I could tell jest whur I foun' the shoe, in case I wanted to. 'Now, Bill Chloride,' ses I to myself an' ole Doc, 'if you kin find a bit o' a spring or water-pocket yerabouts, you an' ole Doc'll risk another night or two this side the pass fur the sake o' an investigation of this singler locality. Some one's bean yer afore us, an' we must find out about it.' I takes the shoe,—it wur a singler shoe too—sort o' rough made,—an' gits on ole Doc agin, an' starts on into the gap. An idee struck me as I looked at the shoe, an' I ses, 'Doc, ole boy, we'll jest call this Horseshoe Gap to onc't.' So I rode on into Horseshoe Gap, an' foun' it narrer an' steeper'n I hed thought it would be. I hed got about half-way through, an' couldn't no longer see out behind, wen the trail swung sharp to the right, an' tuk up a narrer cañon. The bottom wur the bed o' an ole stream, o' course—but it wur dry. The cañon wur very narrer, an' the walls in some places overhung. Very suddint, then, the rocks broke away, an' thur, openin' out right 'fore my eyes, wur the purtiest little valley Bill Chloride ever

laid eyes on. It wur a mile or so long, an' 'bout half a mile wide, 'most level, an' hemmed in by steep cliffs an' mountings. The bottom wur covered with grass knee-deep, with yer an' thur a clump o' cotton-woods, an' some cedars an' pines. The trail tuk across the valley fur a group o' tall cotton-woods that grew not fur from the base o' the cliffs on the right-hand side, 'bout two-thirds o' the distance across. The creek-bed wur fringed with cotton-woods too; an' wen I come near the line—'bout a quarter o' a mile into the place—I heard the soun' o' runnin' water, an' ses, ses I, 'Doc, ole boy, thur's water, d'ye hear?' an' Doc he pricked up his ears, an' purty soon we come to the creek-bed, whur the trail crossed it. It wur filled with clear, bubblin' water, thet sparkled like champagne. I let ole Doc hev a good long drink with his bridle off, an' I took one myself. The water wur as good as I ever flopped a lip over, an' you'll say so wen we go thur. I ses to myself agin, 'Wal, this is gettin' interestin',—ole trail, horseshoe, purty valley, an' plenty water; an' yer's plenty wood too, an' all the grass ole Doc could eat in ten year!' I follered the creek down through the cotton-woods thet lined its banks, an' foun' it swung to the left summat, an' emptied itself into a big deep pool or lake—the lower end o' wich was right against the clift, only a few yards from whur the trail came through the cañon. The cañon wur the nateral outlet at high water. Ducks were a-swimmin' about in the lake, an' I knew I could pop some of 'em over with my rifle if I needed any. I felt certing o' plenty to eat, fur the valley wur jest the place fur all sorts o' game. I went back an' crossed the stream on the trail. Started up a fine doe from the bushes; but as I had plenty venison-jerk, I didn't shoot at the poor thing, an' she wur soon out o' sight. As I went along, I came to a cedar-stump 'longside the trail. 'Hello!' I ses to myself agin, 'yer's bean some one a-choppin', but it's bean a long time ago, it has.' The top o' the stump wur as black as ef it hed been painted, it hed bean so long cut. A little further on was a pile o' cut wood, wich would ha' bean handy in case a feller got snowed in. By this time I wur clost to the clump o' tall cotton-woods. I could see the cañon beyond, whur the creek came out o' the mountings, an' I could see purty well through the cotton-woods, but the trunks wur thick, an' thur wur considable heavy underbrush. I hed bean cautious enough

to look to my shooters, an' hed my gun ready fur biz, though everything looked so quiet an' forlorn-like, that I wur sure thur wur no human bein' nearer than the fellers I hed left in the mornin'. It wur high noon by this time, an' the sun wur comin' straight down. Everything wur as bright as daylight could make it. As I got nearer, I could see no sign o' life; but a dark spot 'mongst the trees, wich I couldn't make out, looked suspicious. Then I passed a half broken-down pole-corral. 'Oh, ho!' ses I; 'guess some one must hev lived yer.' Further on, I came to an old water-wheel, fur the trail were runnin' 'longside the brook agin. Jest then somethin' started. It wur nothin', however, but a coyote, an' he skulked off. I didn't shoot at him, 'cause I didn't want to make a noise, an' 'cause I hed my eye on the dark spot under the tree. I began to suspect wat it was 'fore I got up to it; but I were completely dumfounded, kerflummexed, wen I foun' it wur really a log-cabin. Thur it wur, though, large as life. Yes, sir, thur, in one o' the remotest parts o' the Smoky Hill wilderness, wur a log-cabin, wat hed once bean a human habitation! It wur enough to take a feller's breath away. I got off'n Doc. The door wur wide open, an' I looked in. The place wur completely deserted, an' looked as if it hed bean runnin' of itself fur a long time. I sot down on a big rock clost by, an' jest stared at the ole thing fur some minutes. It made my head spin, an' I har'ly knew whur I wur. I couldn't make it out. I'd never heerd o' any one a-livin' in the Smoky Hill Range; an' fur the life o' me, I couldn't make it out. Thur she wur, though, plain as dirt. Thur wur the ole cabin, an' the big chimley, an' thur were the ole corral; yes, thur wur no gettin' round it,—I wur not dreamin'. Some one hed lived yer; an', demme, I hed a heap o' respect fur the feller 'at managed to find the purtiest spot in the hull kentry. At last I ses to myself an' ole Doc, ses I, 'Wal, yer's a go fur a camp right yer fur to-night, in spite o' the devil; an' so sayin', I tuk off the saddle an' bridle from ole Faithful, an' let him graze free. Then after takin' a snack from my bread an' jerk, an' gettin' a good swig o' clear water, I packed the ole pipe yer full, lit her, and started to investigate."

He took several meditative puffs and then proceeded:—

"Clost by on one o' the big cotton-woods, whur the bark hed been peeled off,

I see somethin' like letters, an' goin' clost-er, I could read—it hed been cut deep—'W. BURNFIELD,' eighteen hundred fifty somethin' or nuther, wich I couldn't make out, 'cause the last figger was completely grown over—clean gone—but anyway the W. Burnfield wur plain enough, an' it wur clear that Mr. Burnfield hed bean thur, but wether he wur the feller wat hed built the house an' lived thur or no, wur a question. A leetle lower on the tree wur another name, but it wur not so easy to make out. After some study, however, I managed to git some o' the letters an' made 'Elle,' 'Elle,' ses I, 'wat kin that mean?' Then I looked at it agin, an' concluded the next letter wur a 'n,' wich would make 'Ellen.' It wur a gal's name, an' I saw how it wur plain enough. The feller must ha' bean snoozin' in the shade one day, an' happened to git to cuttin' on the tree, an' after cuttin' his own name, cut that o' his gal's too, quite nateral enough. But they was too many letters jest fur thet; an' I went at it agin, an' succeeded in making out a 'G,' then 'l,' an' 'e,' an' 'n.' 'Glen,' ses I—Glen must ha' bean her last name; Glen—Ellen Glen. No, by thunder! an' I laughed wen I thought o' my stupidity,—the feller named this yer valley after his gal; her name wur Ellen; so he jest called the place Ellen Glen, an' cut it on a tree so t' be a sign like! Don't ye see, it wur all nateral enough. Wal, all this yer made me feel 'at the feller wat hed lived thur wur sort o' white, an' I begun to take more interest 'n ever in the place. I went back to look at the house agin. It wur a purty good-sized shanty, an' hed bean well built, though it wur considerably dilapidated an' weatherbeaten. The roof, wich wur covered with split cedar shingles, hed some holes in it, but otherwise wur still strong enough to turn the wet. The big chimley hed fell in a little at the top too, but not enough to hurt. Inside thur wur a pine table, an' some purty decent sort o' chairs,—a large bunk, a cupboard full o' cups, plates, an' so on,—an' a big fireplace, o' course. In the cupboard, too, wur some coffee an' tea in tin boxes, an' some sugar an' other kitchen truck. Everything wur trim an' shipshape,—ye'll see wen we git thur. But dust an' dirt covered it all, an' it wur plain 'at Mr. Burnfield hed bean gone fur a long time. Amongst the ashes an' burned sticks o' the fireplace wur a Dutch oven. I raised the lid an' thur wur a loaf o' bread burned to charcoal. I thought the feller must ha' left suddint like, if he couldn't take care

o' his bread. The blankets in the bunk hed bean torn to pieces and dragged about the room, p'raps by the coyotes. I hunted high an' low fur some clue to Mr. Burnfield himself, but couldn't find nothin' 'at looked promisin', till finally, off in one corner, I foun' that box thur. I took it out to the light an' tried to prise open the kiver. Ye see how I succeeded," pointing to the box on the table. "As I raised the lid, I really felt kind o' nervous like. Everything fur a minit looked as familiar as the ole stove down thur in the bar-room. I couldn't help lookin' round." Bill stopped and puffed furiously at his pipe with a slightly troubled expression of countenance, and continued: "However, thur wur ole Doc quietly croppin' the grass as nateral as ever; thur wur the sunshine, an' thur wur the rocks,—all nateral enough. So I lifted the cover an' saw before me that lot o' half-rotten papers. For a minit I wur somewhat disappointed—they looked so dirty. I felt like slinging the demmed thing away at first, then I ses to myself, 'Hole on, Bill Chloride; p'raps them papers is not so much decayed as they looks, an' ken be read after all, an' you'd better jest pack 'em back to Ruby with you; 'an' so sayin', I shut the thing up agin, an' tied a buckskin, string around it. Then I skirmished roun' some more, but didn't find nothin' o' importance. I left the cabin, an' looked about outside. Clost by wur a little log-shanty, wich I foun' hed bean a workshop. Thur wur a small forge an' bits o' iron,—an' several horseshoes wur layin' round. On the wall wur a good many tools o' various kinds. I tell you, the feller wur a worker; an' he wur derved well fixed, he wur. By this time it wur gettin' on towards night, an' I hed spent so much time about the cabin 'at I hed no time to look further. I hed foun' no Burnfield,—he wur gone; thur wur no doubt on that pint. Whur he hed gone, an' how he hed gone, wur a mystery wich the papers in the box might give away or might not; but he wur gone, an' the place hed a mighty forlorn look without him. I begun to fix fur a camp. The house wur tight enough, but I liked outside best under the circumstances; so I cut a lot o' boughs off'n a near cedar, an' fixed 'em down for a bed in a snug corner 'tween a big rock an' a cotton-wood trunk. Thur wur plenty wood, an' I brought a lot to whur my bed wur, so't I could keep my fire goin' all night. It wur purty cool, o' course. By the time I hed got my bacon toastin' the sun dropped out o' sight, but

left the hull sky afire behind him. Doc hed filled hisself chuck-full, an' hed come up to sort o' snooze as he does; an' wen the sky turned so flamin' red, an' all the rocks an' mountings looked so like coals o' fire, he opened his cunnin' ole eyes wide an' looked at me knowin' like, as much as to say, 'Ole man, d'ye take due notice o' thet thur sunset; ' an' I ses, 'Yes, Doc, ole boy, you're quite right; thet sunset means biz,—thur's ugly weather in thet thur sky, an' we'll git up an' git, by sun-up.' An' it wur jest comin' day wen I woke to put some fresh wood on the fire the last time. I jest biled a cup o' coffee an' swollered it, to sort o' start the cirklation, an' then I wistled fur ole Doc. I wrapped the box in my blankets, an' tied 'em behind on my saddle, an' started. The sky looked heavy as lead, an' every onc't an' a wile a leetle speck o' snow'd sail down slow an' lonesome, an' forlorn an' shiverin', as ef it wur lost an' wur afear'd to 'light. I knew ef I didn't git over the pass 'fore night, I'd have trouble; so I put ole Doc to his best licks. Down we went to the narrers, an' jest beyant I left the trail an' struck to the right, in the direction o' Baldy. The travellin' wur purty rough, but ole Doc wur good fur it; an' purty soon I see ole Baldy, or ruther the base o' it, fur the top wur lost in the clouds. I struck straight as I could fur it, an' by the middle o' the afternoon I wur at the summit o' the pass. I felt better, an' I stopped to let the ole cayuse * rest a leetle, an' to make a cup o' coffee fur the ole man. The hull valley wur filled with clouds a-creepin' an' rollin' an' surgin' about like a lot o' porpoises; an' they hung round the mountings, an' covered the sky with a cold grey curting thet shut out the sun entirely. Then I went on, an' yer I am. Thet,"—said Bill, pausing to strike a match to relight his pipe, which had gone out during the latter part of the narrative,— "thet wur pre-zackly how I foun' the box."

Winmore, who had been profoundly interested throughout, started up, exclaiming, "I declare that's as strange as fiction!"

"Strange as truth, you might say; for truth is stranger, you know," said Putterton. "But the most interesting thing will be the following up of this clue,—the discovery of Burnfield's fate—his mine, if he had one—and all that."

"How did you come to show the box

* Horse, in the vernacular of the Pacific Slope. The word is said to be from the Chinook language. The Chinooks are a race, or rather family, of Oregon.

to Putterton, Mr. Chloride?" inquired Winmore.

"Wal, ye see, two heads is better'n one, an' I wanted to hev another head or two in the biz wat knew more'n mine. I ain't much good at readin', you know. I begun to think thur wur a mine at the bottom o't somewhur, an' if thur wur, I wanted to know it; not thet I hev any pertikeler need fur any more mines, but I like to hunt 'em out,—prospectin's my profession, d'ye see. The feller wur'n't over thur fur nothin', thet's certing. So I thought I'd jest show the box straight to Putterton, an' tell him all about it—me an' him's pards anyway, you know—an' see wat he thought o' it. An' wen I got in, I jest tole Uncle Jimmy, who drove next mornin's stage to Granite, to tell Mr. Putterton as Bill Chloride wanted to see him. I knew thet'd fetch him, though he was comin' to Ruby every few days anyway. He came straight."

"Yes," said Putterton; "when Uncle Jimmy told me Bill wanted to see me, I knew there was something in the wind, and I came over by the next stage. We gave the box a hasty examination—enough to determine that the affair was worth the trouble of investigation; arranged for a scout over there in the spring, and then I had to go back. I wrote you about it, because I knew you had finished your course, and would like to rough it for a few months."

"I never was so much interested in anything in my life," said Winmore. "It's such a singular thing that a man could come out here, and live here and disappear, and no one know anything about him."

"Not so very singler," put in Bill,—"not so very singler, wen you think how many square miles o' territory thur air yer thet wite men hev never yet sot foot on,—an' wen you think how many men come out with good reasons for keepin' dark. This yer Burnfield may hev come an' gone without advertisin' his comin' or goin' fur the sake o' his own convenience."

"We may find out all about it in the papers," said Putterton.

"But, by the way," exclaimed Winmore, "what became of the party you left in the Buckskin Valley? Did they get snowed in?"

"Not prezackly,—thet is, they didn't hev to stay thur the hull winter. They's most on 'em in Ruby now."

"But how did they get out?" persisted Winmore.

"Wal, after I left they got kind o'

skeered like, an' wur oneasy, so't wen the snow begun to fly they packed up an' started to onc't; an' by worryin' along, an' keepin' fresh horses on the lead, they finally got through. It's bean snowin' a good deal over thet way since."

"How do you know?" asked Winmore, who was of an inquiring and investigating turn of mind.

"Know?—kin see," replied Bill.

"See the pass from here?" Winmore said with surprise.

"Why not? P'raps ye can see it from this yer windy."

The window was in the front of the hotel, and the building faced the Smoky Hill Range, overlooking the intervening valley, or Rainbow Park as it was called, from the vivid and varied coloring of the rocks. The view was unobstructed, hence the name of the hotel.

"Yes," continued Bill, as he pulled aside the curtain and looked out,— "thur she is."

"Where?" said Winmore.

"D'ye see whur thet whitest, smoothest peak is wat chops down square on the south'ard?"

"Yes."

"Wal, thet air Bald Mounting, or Ole Baldy, as we sometimes calls it; an' the square chop on the south'ard is the cliffs on the north side o' the Bighorn Pass."

"But that is not far from here, and I thought you said it was quite a long ride to the pass," said Winmore.

"Yaas," Bill remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, "I reckon you could walk over thur in an hour or two."

"Yes,—it seems to be no more than eight or ten miles. How far do you call it?"

"As near as I kin kalkilate," said Bill, puffing deliberately at his pipe between the words for emphasis,— "as near as I kin kalkilate, it air jest thirty-seven mile."

"Thirty-seven miles?—impossible!" exclaimed Winmore; "you are joking."

"No, I hain't—am I, Put?"

Putterton thus appealed to settled the matter by stating that he would judge the distance to be about forty miles. "You can't estimate distances here as you did at home, Phil, because the atmosphere is so much clearer and drier; you will have to learn all over again. When you go back you'll make the mistake the other way, and estimate a house a mile away to be ten. You are not the first who has been deceived by distances, however."

"It is remarkable," Winmore said; "I

never could have believed that objects at so great a distance could be seen so plainly."

"It is strange," Putterton replied. "I remember when I first came out I was as much puzzled over it as you are. Why, I have seen the Smoky Hill Range in spring, late in the afternoon, apparently so close that you could almost put your foot on it." He looked out as he said this. "Ah! there has been a change already: you see how the range draws nearer as the sun gets lower."

"An' thet reminds me," said Bill, "thet it is gettin' late" — looking at his watch. "Five o'clock! we might as well adjourn till to-morrow."

"A good scheme," Putterton replied; "but no — why not come up to-night?"

"I promised to play a game o' draw with some o' the boys to-night," answered Bill.

"To-morrow morning, then — at ten," said Putterton. "I suppose you are tired, too, from your journey. Win?"

"Yes; I feel as if I could sleep well to-night. The old rattle-trap I came up in was not the most comfortable conveyance in the world."

"Wal, good-night, fellers," said Bill, who had put on his hat, and was passing out — and the door closed silently behind him.

"What a singular character!" Winmore exclaimed, almost before the door had fairly shut.

Putterton, who was lighting a fresh cigar, puffed some moments before replying, as if turning over in his mind the thoughts suggested by the remark, and then answered absently, —

"Yes, he appears singular — very — on first acquaintance."

Winmore stepped to the window and gazed wonderingly out toward the distant range — its snowy magnificence now dyed crimson by the fast-sinking sun. How beautiful it was! How majestic! He was vividly impressed by the gorgeous view; but as the sun sank lower, and the golden glow faded into a cold, leaden hue that sent a shiver through him, he felt lonely. His thoughts wandered, and the landscape before him melted away. The scenery shifted. The gigantic mountain-forms, so suggestive of the birth of the world, were transformed into a quiet, peaceful village by the banks of the far-off Mohawk. Soft lights glimmered from the windows of comfortable homes, and the lowing kine had scarcely been housed for the night. Suddenly starting from his

reverie, he said to Putterton, who had been meanwhile quietly smoking, —

"Come, George, let's go out for a breath of fresh air before supper."

"All right," replied Putterton; and arm in arm they strolled along the principal and only street of Rubyville till the clang of the supper-bell summoned them back to the dingy quarters of the Park View House.

From The Nineteenth Century.
PUSS IN BOOTS.

POPULAR tales are, as a general rule, provided with exemplary morals. Virtue in them is, in the long run, almost always triumphant, and honest right seldom fails to overcome dishonest might. An exception must perhaps be made in the case of certain stories about thieves, in which the audacious ingenuity of the malefactor is called as a witness in his favor, and eventually procures for him not only an acquittal but a reward. But such freaks of popular fiction as the Highland "Shifty Lad," the German and Scandinavian "Master Thief," and all the rest of their felonious kinsmen, belong to a peculiar class. They are, for the most part, purloiners who, like Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin, have been rendered heroic by literature. There have been periods, moreover, in which properly regulated larceny was regarded in the light of an art or science, and these records of theft may date back to some such unprejudiced epoch. However this may be, they occur in most of the collections of the tales of the common people. But the modern introducers of folk-tales into polite society, the writers who, like Perrault, have made the fortune of the fairy-tale by rendering it neat and trim and fit to be received into drawing-rooms, have generally avoided subjects which might be looked upon with suspicion by stern moralists, and have selected as the heroes and heroines of their tiny dramas only such beings as regulate their lives in accordance with modern opinions about right and wrong. In the case of Perrault's "*Contes*" there is only one notorious exception to this rule. The true hero of "*Le Maître Chat, ou le Chat Botté*," is not the miller's son who passes under the name of the Marquis de Carabas, but the cat which gains for him the hand of the princess, by means of several falsehoods and the murder of an

unsuspecting and hospitable ogre. The success of the youthful peasant whom these manœuvres convert into a king's son-in-law, and that of the intriguing cat itself, which becomes a grandee, and no longer chases mice except by way of relaxation, do not lend themselves to edification. The story, as it runs in Perrault's pages, teaches a distinctly immoral lesson. It was all very well for the author to tack on to it a *moralité*, to the effect that industry and tact are of more use to young people than a rich inheritance. The conclusion at which an ordinary reader would arrive, if he were not dazzled by fairy-land glamor, would probably be that far better than either tact or industry on a master's part is the loyalty of an unscrupulous retainer of an imaginative turn of mind. The impropriety of this teaching is not balanced by any other form of instruction. What the story openly inculcates is not edifying, and it does not secretly convey any improving doctrine.

But this great fault appears to be mainly due to the pains which its narrators have taken to make it presentable. They have ignored its proper beginning and its fitting termination, and they have thereby suppressed the whole of its moral significance. At the same time they have conferred upon it the characteristic attraction which it did not originally possess, and which has had much to do with its world-wide success, in the shape of the boots which the cat asked its master to make for it in order that it might tread thorn bushes unpricked. It is impossible to say whether this stroke of genius was due to Perrault's unassisted imagination, or to the fancy of the narrators from whom he drew so much of his inspiration. All that we know with certainty is that the animal which figures as the hero of the story wears, as a general rule, no boots; and indeed is, in most instances, not only no booted cat, but no cat at all. In what seem to be the more archaic forms of the tale, the leading animal is usually a fox; and its behavior, throughout the whole of its history, appears to be more in accordance with vulpine than feline traditions. But of that more anon.

In that rich treasure-house of information respecting popular fiction, the introduction to his translation of the "*Panchatantra*," the late Professor Benfey remarked that the booted cat had no sufficient motive for its abnormal conduct. It was merely a commonplace retainer, bound by no tie but that of ordinary do-

mesticity to its master. Therefore some piece of evidence was undoubtedly wanting at the beginning of the story, to prove why the cat acted in so remarkable a manner. Then again, the cat's unbroken prosperity to the end was evidently a liberty taken with the original. For the narrative clearly belonged to the great cycle of stories, apparently of Buddhistic origin, in which the gratitude of the lower animals was strongly contrasted with the ingratitude of the self-styled "superior animal," man. The story, therefore, ought to begin with an explanation of the reasons which induced the cat to do what it did for the miller's son, and to end with an account of the ungrateful manner in which that youth, after becoming an aristocrat, repaid the cat's devotion to his interests.

If we turn from Perrault's artistic rendering of the tale to the ruder variants current in different parts of Europe, we find that some of them have preserved the due opening and others the meet termination, but that scarcely any of them can boast of both opening and closing aright. The story does not occur in the collection of the brothers Grimm, but one variant of it figures in Haltrich's "*Deutsche Volksmärchen*" (No. 13), and another in the Tyrolese collection of Schneller. In the tale told by Haltrich, the tutelary animal is a wild cat, which carries off an infant from a cradle and rears it in a forest. When the boy comes to man's estate the cat provides him with a dress composed of feathers borrowed from all manner of birds, for it has the power of calling together all the fowls of the air whenever it sounds its silver pipe, and also with a splendid feather mantle, which he offers as a present to the king. The rest of the story closely resembles the Norwegian "*Lord Peter*" ("*Tales from the Norse*," No. 42). In that variant a youngest son is helped by a domestic cat which but for him would have starved. So the opening is partially correct. But for the proper termination, in which the cat ought to be ungratefully treated, there has been substituted a quite inappropriate close, borrowed from the story which we know best under the name of "*The White Cat*"—in which a cat, or other equally valuable animal friend, is beheaded by the hero, at its own urgent request, and then turns into a beautiful princess. The leading idea of stories of "*The White Cat*" class—that of a brilliant being who is condemned to suffer a temporary eclipse, a celestial spouse who is

obliged to don for a time a disfiguring hide or husk—is quite different from that which manifests itself in unadulterated variants of the "Puss in Boots" group. The Swedish story of "The Castle that stood upon Golden Pillars" (Hyltén-Cavallius & Stephens, No. 12), is remarkable for the fact that its cat works not for a master but for a mistress, but this discrepancy seems to be due to the forgetfulness of some narrator who has mixed up several stories together. In three other Scandinavian variants, one Norwegian the others Swedish, the protecting animal is not a cat but a dog.

The domestic cat, so far as Europe is concerned, is generally supposed to be somewhat of an upstart. In Egypt its cultus had existed for ages before our ancestors dreamt of paying it that species of worship which at present appears to connect it with the tutelary genius of the hearth. We have the authority of Herodotus for the fact that when a cat died in an Egyptian home the members of the bereaved family shaved off their eyebrows, and that of Diodorus for the touching statement that although Egyptians have been known to eat their fellow-creatures during famines, no instance of cat-eating was ever heard of. If an Egyptian happened to find a dead cat, says the Sicilian historian, he was careful not to approach it closely, for fear of being suspected of its murder. Standing at a distance, he made the sad loss known by cries of distress. During conflagrations, according to Herodotus, the Egyptian spectators allowed the flames to rage unchecked, devoting their attention to saving the cats belonging to the burning houses. A Roman happened one day to kill a cat by accident. The melancholy event took place at a time when the Egyptian government was very anxious to conciliate Rome. But in spite of the exertions of the king and his ministers, the mob broke into the Roman's dwelling and intentionally did to him what he had accidentally done to the cat. Of this act of popular vengeance Diodorus says that he was a spectator. According to Lenormant, the cat does not appear on Egyptian sculptures earlier than the twelfth dynasty (2020 B.C.), and therefore the credit of its domestication is due to the inhabitants of the upper Nile. That process, remarks Hehn, must have taken a long time, but it was thoroughly successful in the end. The domestic cat very rarely deserts civilization in favor of savage freedom, its character offering in this respect a strong

contrast to that of its fellow Oriental, the gipsy. How the tame cat made its way into Europe remains uncertain, although it is reported to have travelled from Egypt by the way of Cyprus. The period of its arrival, also, is shrouded in mystery. It does not seem to have been known in classic times, and the early centuries of our era appear to have been unaware of its existence. In so eatless a period, the arrival of such a beneficent beast as that which has kept Whittington's memory green might well be hailed with acclamation. It is easy to believe that the progress of the cat was rapid when it had once shown itself. Silently but irresistibly it seems to have subjugated the European hearth. It is terrible to think of how much pleasure as well as profit the world would have been deprived, if the cat's career had been cut prematurely short. Most fortunate was it, as Hehn remarks, that its introduction preceded those epochs in which its associations with idolatry might have caused it to fall a victim to the fanaticism of Islam or the asceticism of Christianity.

The cat has never filled quite so high a position in Europe as it occupied in Egypt, but still it has never been entirely deprived of its supernatural reputation. In Sicily, says Professor A. de Gubernatis, "the cat is sacred to St. Martha and is respected in order that she may not be irritated. He who kills a cat will be unhappy for seven years." That there is something diabolical about a domestic cat is still a fixed idea in the popular European mind. A Russian proverb asserts that a black tom-cat, at the end of seven years, is bound to become a devil. In Brittany it is believed that an animal of that kind, which has served seven masters in succession, has the right of carrying off the soul of the seventh to hell. In such cases as these it seems to be probable that the cat's "fallen divinity" has spread a shade over its character. Such stories as "Puss in Boots" might be taken as evidence of the favor with which the cat has been regarded by the people, were it not that the balance of testimony is against that animal's claims to be considered the guardian angel of the Marquis de Carabas and his brethren. For in the south and the east of Europe, as well as in Asia, the four-footed creature which plays that part is almost invariably a fox. There seems to be good reason for supposing that in all the stories of the "Booted Cat" cycle, there ought to be no cat and no boots.

The variants of the story in which a fox figures instead of a cat have this advantage, that they have retained the proper opening of the narrative. Thus, in a Finnish variant* the assisting animal is a fox which had been trapped by a youth, who let it go when it asked him if he would like to get married. The rest of the story runs the usual course, and at the end the fox retires quietly into the forest. In another Finnish variant the proper opening has been as much forgotten as the close. A youth who has inherited nothing but a cow sells it to an unknown man. The purchaser turns into a fox, and makes over the cow to fifty other foxes, which it afterwards presents, along with an equal number of wolves and bears, to a king whose son-in-law the youth becomes. Here both the beginning and the end have been changed. The Russian variants of the story (Afanasief, iv., Nos. 10 and 11) are curious. In one of them a certain Bukhtan Bukhtanovich is wont to lie stretched on a pillared stove, "half elbow-deep in tarakan milk"—the tarakan being the Russian equivalent for our black-beetle. A fox, without any perceptible motive, wins for him the hand of the usual princess—employing the well-known trick of returning a borrowed sieve with a coin fastened in it, and pretending that it has been used to measure Bukhtan's countless wealth—and also the property of two demoniacal beings, Voron Voronovich and Kokot Kokotovich (Raven Raven's son and Cock Cock's son), whom it puts out of the way after inducing them to hide from "a king who is coming with fire and a queen with lightning." In the other tale, that of "Kosma the Swiftly-rich," the assisting animal is a fox which was in the habit of killing Kosma's poultry. Caught by him in the act, it promised to make him "swiftly rich" if he would pardon its offence. He consented, and the fox showed its gratitude by inducing scores of wild beasts to follow him to the palace of the king, to whom it presented them in Kosma's name. The sieve trick followed, after which fine clothes were obtained for Kosma, who had fallen into a river together with a bridge which he and the fox had cut half through. Kosma married the king's daughter, and the fox gained for him the property of a "Tsar Zmiulan," a snake prince of the Nāga class, who was induced, by the news that "King Fire and

Queen Lightning" were coming, to take refuge in a hollow tree, which Kosma and his royal father-in-law afterwards blew to bits. The fox was regaled with chickens, and stayed at Kosma's dwelling till they were all eaten up. In a third Russian variant (Khudyakof, No. 98) a fox of its own free will offers the hand of a princess to a youth, and obtains it for him in the usual way. The youth's want of retinue is accounted for by the explanation that all his attendants and baggage have been lost in a swamp. The proprietor who is dispossessed in favor of the youthful impostor is an ordinary landowner, a Barin (or Mr.) Tsygarn. He and his wife are induced by the fox to take refuge from the wrath of "King Thunder and Queen Lightning" in a hollow tree in their garden. The king and his son-in-law hear sounds proceeding from the tree, which are really due to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Tsygarn are choking in their hiding-place. The king inquires what that noise is. The fox replies that the tree is haunted by devils, and had better be burnt. So the tree is consumed with fire, and together with it the innocent victims of the fox's partiality for the king's son-in-law. In a fourth Russian variant (Afanasief, iv., p. 45) a youth who was "not in the full possession of his reason," but who rejoiced in the singular name of Nikita of Macedon, was presented by his parents with a horse and a cock, with which he set out to seek his fortune. A fox met him and asked for the fowl, promising in return the hand of the beautiful daughter of "King Fire and Queen Lightning." The rest of the story is as before.

The idea of the youth whom the animal assists being more or less idiotic occurs in some other variants of the story. The opening of the Sicilian tale of "Count Pear-tree" is a case in point (Gonzenbach, No. 65). A youth was left nothing at his father's death but a cottage and a pear-tree. Moreover he was ignorant and foolish. "As he could not earn his bread, God mercifully allowed the pear-tree to bear fruit all the year long, whereby the youth was nourished." One day in winter a fox came by, and asked for a basketful of pears. The youth gave them, and the fox took them to a king whose daughter it eventually obtained for the Conte Piro. The main body of the story is much the same in all these variants. But the Sicilian tale possesses the final incident which the foregoing variants have omitted. The fox had asked the Conte

* Quoted by Dr. Reinhold Köhler in his exhaustive note to Gonzenbach's Sicilian tale of "*Conte Piro*."

Piro to give it a handsome funeral when it died. One day it lay down and pretended to be dead. Conte Piro's princely spouse was much grieved, and said, "Now must we hasten to have a right beautiful coffin made for it." But the count exclaimed, "A coffin for that beast! Take it by its legs and fling it out of window!" Whereupon the fox jumped up and severely reprimanded the ingrate, who hastened to excuse himself by affirming that he had spoken without thinking of what he was saying. In this Sicilian form the story ends as it ought to end, but its opening is defective, for the fox obtains the pears not for itself but for the king, therefore it has no reason for being grateful to the man. The missing incident, however, is supplied by another Sicilian variant of the same story (Pitré, ii., No. 88). In it Don Giuseppe Piru begins by pardoning a fox which he catches in the act of stealing pears from a tree belonging to himself and his brothers. The grateful animal plays the usual tricks, and Don Giuseppe becomes a great man. One day, when he is walking on the terrace with his wife, and the fox is lying down near an open window, Don Giuseppe takes some dust and sprinkles the animal's head with it. The fox is disgusted with this ungrateful levity, and threatens to tell that the don used to be a pear-owner. Don Giuseppe is frightened at the idea of his wife being told the story of his early career. So he takes a flower-pot, and hits the fox over the head with it. "Thus, ingrate that he was, he killed the creature that had done so much for him." This variant of the story is complete at both ends. The tragic termination of the tale, so far as the protecting animal is concerned, is found also in "*Lou Compaire Gatet*," a cat story from the south of France,* and the man's ingratitude is mentioned in a Bulgarian variant quoted by Khudyakof, at the commencement of which a miller is promised a regal crown by a fox, on condition of his daily providing it with a hot wheaten cake, a roast fowl, and a pitcher of wine. A Polish variant (Glinski, iii. 149) is more akin to the French and Scandinavian than to the Russian, Sicilian, and Bulgarian forms of the story. There remains to be mentioned one other European variant which has the merit of being quite complete, having preserved the orig-

inal opening as well as close of the tale. A man named Triorrhôgas, who was "both lazy and poor," caught a fox one day in the act of stealing his grapes. He was about to kill it when it begged for mercy, promising to make him a king. In this it succeeded, after playing the usual tricks, including the burning of forty dragons. In return for this service the king, who had been Triorrhôgas, promised it a silver coffin at its death. One day it pretended to be dead. The king said, "Take it by the tail, and fling it out of window." Then the fox jumped up and severely reprimanded the king in the presence of his wife, thereby reducing him to confusion. This well-preserved specimen of the story was found at Melos. It is published in the "*Contes Populaires Grecs*" of M. Emile Legrand, who says that he himself heard a variant of the tale at Philippopolis, in 1875, in which the fox was replaced by a greyhound.

The Asiatic variants of the tale are unfortunately few in number. But one of them is so complete that it may be supposed to give a fair idea of the story as it originally existed in India, which doubtless was its original home. Let us take first two specimens from central Asia, preserved by Radloff in his great work on "The Turkish Races of South Siberia." The first (i. 271) is a quaint Tartar poem about an orphan youth who lived alone without food to eat or clothes to wear. To him there came a fox which told him what to do. Borrowing a pair of scales from a rich neighboring prince, he pretended to weigh in them butter belonging to the youth to the amount of a thousand poods, or forty thousand pounds. "A thousand poods is a great deal," justly observed the prince. A second time the fox borrowed the scales, and sent them back with a string broken and a coin inserted, thereby producing a high opinion of the orphan's wealth. For the fox declared that it was the weight of the young man's money which had broken the string, he having weighed in the scales seventy poods of bank-notes and a hundred of copper coins. On the strength of this the fox induced the prince to accept the orphan as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The youth set out with a train of seven sledges laden with empty barrels. These the fox contrived to push off a bridge into the water below, before the eyes of the prince, who was deluded into believing that a rich wedding present had been lost by the fall. The youth married the

* Quoted by M. Charles Deulin in his excellent work, "*Les Contes de ma Mère L'Oye avant Perrault*" (Paris, 1879), who refers to the *Revue des Langues Romanes*, vol. iii., p. 396.

prince's daughter and went away with her, wondering what he should do for a house and fine raiment when his father-in-law visited him. Coming to a desert he found a stone house out of which crept innumerable snakes. These he induced to hide under hay, saying, "The bird will catch you and carry you away"—an evident allusion to an Indian Nāga-destroying Garuda—and then he set the hay on fire, consumed the snakes, and took possession of their dwelling. When the prince came he was entertained in great style by his son-in-law. "Seven days they drank brandy, seven days they drank tea." And so all went well. In the other Tartar story, which is in prose, an orphan named Salamyā is brought up by a fox, which, when he is grown up, goes forth to seek him a wife. First it has recourse to the money-measuring trick, which proves highly successful. Then it avails itself of a remarkable artifice. It makes out of straw a ship, and equips it with soldiers who are literally men of straw. This ship it sends by water to the city where dwells the prince whose son-in-law the fox wishes the orphan to become. While the whole city is admiring the approaching vessel, in which the fox declares the suitor is bringing rich wedding presents, the fox, "which was a storm-maker," calls up storm and tempest. Down goes the ship of straw, away drift the straw soldiers, and the orphan is cast naked on the shore. The prince hastens to supply the shipwrecked impostor with all that he desires, including the princess his daughter. Salamyā goes away with his wife, and the fox running on in front obliges all the people it meets to say that the surrounding lands and flocks are the property of that youth. And finally it induces the real owner, a seven-headed Yilbigān, a demoniacal dragon, to creep into a well, the mouth of which it closes with a stone. Having done all these kind things for the youth, the fox goes tranquilly away. The moral of the story has been missed by its wild narrators in central Asia.

By far the best variant of the story, that in which the reason for the animal's kindness to the man is recorded in the opening, and the ingratitude of the man to the animal is depicted in the close, while the various incidents of the central part are invested with as great an air of probability as befits a "fairy-tale," has been preserved among the rapidly dwindling Avars or Lesghians of the Caucasus, from whose but little studied language it has been translated by the late Professor Anton

Schiefner.* It runs as follows. There once was a miller who was known by a name which may be translated as the Loathsome Hadji. From his house things used to be stolen. Angered thereat, he lay in wait for the thief, and caught a fox in the act of stealing. He was about to put it to death when it besought him to be calm, observing that "hasty water reaches no sea," and promising in case of pardon to make the miller a great man, and to gain for him the hand of a khan's daughter. The miller accepted the offer of the fox, and promised, if it made good its words, to feed it as long as it lived on fat and to bury it after its death enveloped in a mass of fat sheep's tails. The fox ran off and searched among rubbish till it found a silver coin. Then it went to the khan and asked for the loan of a measure in which to mete the silver wealth of its master Bukutchi Khan. The khan wondered who this unknown potentate could be, but lent the measure, which the fox presently returned with the coin sticking in it. Next the fox searched about till it found a morsel of gold. Then it went again to the khan and borrowed the measure once more, this time for the purpose of measuring the golden stores of its master Bukutchi Khan; taking care that the measure, when returned, had in it the morsel of gold it had found. The khan formed a high opinion of Bukutchi Khan's pecuniary resources, and "died of joy," that is to say, was glad, when the fox asked for the hand of the khan's daughter on behalf of its master Bukutchi Khan. Next day the fox made a garment for the miller "out of the most beautiful flowers of the hills," and sent him down with a gun made of lime-wood on his shoulder, to a river on the further side of which the khan's retainers were to meet him. In accordance with the instructions of the fox, the miller stumbled and fell while fording the river, and the stream rapidly carried away all he had on and with him. The khan's servants dashed into the water, rescued the miller, and provided him with raiment so sumptuous that he could not keep his eyes off it. The fox explained that Bukutchi Khan was mourning for the loss of his own garments, which were composed of nothing but diamonds and rubies. "They did look like a rainbow," replied the khan's attendants, who were likewise induced to believe that the lime-wood gun was a

* *Awarische Texte*. St. Petersburg, 1873, pp. 53-59.

priceless heirloom of Stamboul manufacture. "We remarked," they observed, "that it shone like silver."

The so-called Bukutchi Khan received the khan's daughter in marriage, and, at the end of a festive week, set out to take her to his home. The fox ran on in front, and when it came to a prairie on which much cattle was grazing, asked to whom the herds belonged. "To the dragon," was the reply. "Take care," exclaimed the fox, "utter the dragon's name no more, his cause is lost: the host of the seven princes is going up against him with cannon, artillery, mortars, and guns. If you say the cattle is his, you will be killed, and every head of cattle carried off. There is a khan, feared by kings, called Bukutchi Khan. If any one asks you, say the cattle is his; then no man will have anything to say against you." The herdsman followed the advice of the fox, as did the shepherds, mowers, and other laborers whom it accosted. Whenever the attendants of the young married couple asked to whom belonged the cattle, or sheep, or meadows they saw, the answer was always, "To Bukutchi Khan."

Meanwhile the fox entered the castle of the dragon, who was the real proprietor, and informed him that the host of the seven princes was coming against him. "What shall I do?" exclaimed the terrified dragon. "Creep underneath that hay," replied the fox, pointing to a huge stack in the middle of the courtyard. The dragon did so, and the fox set it on fire. The dragon was fried "like a sausage," and his castle, together with all his property, passed into the hands of the newly wedded pair.

All went well for a time. At last the fox determined to test the ex-miller's gratitude. So it lay down one day and pretended to be dead. "Just look!" cried the khan's daughter, "our fox seems to be dead." "It would be a piece of luck if it were to die seven times more, one after the other," replied her husband. "This good-for-nothing has become a bore." Up jumped the fox and cried, "Shall I tell, shall I tell of the Loathsome Hadji? Tell about the lime-wood gun? All about the miller tell?" Down on his knees went Bukutchi, wept and prayed, and smote himself on the head. So the fox forgave him. But soon afterwards the fox died in reality. Bukutchi Khan was afraid that this also might be a pretence, so he slit open a fat sheep's tail, and carefully placed the fox inside.

There can be little doubt that the Avars borrowed this well-preserved specimen of the "Puss in Boots" story from the same source to which the Tartars were indebted for their versions of the narrative. Some day, perhaps, probably in some Buddhist land, the story may be found in its original form. It seems to have established itself in the south of Europe under its cat form at an early period, for it figures in the Italian story-books of both Straparola, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and Basile, in the first half of the seventeenth. In the "*Piacevoli Notti*," of the former, the youth Constantino is assisted by his cat, "which was a fairy," and which performs all the ordinary tricks. Nothing is said at the end about its master's ingratitude. In Basile's "*Pentamerone*" a cat behaves in precisely the same manner, and its enriched master declares that after its death he will cause it to be embalmed and will keep its remains, encased in a golden vessel, in his own room. Three days later the cat, "displeased by this exaggeration," lies down in the garden and pretends to be dead. "Take it by its tail and fling it out of window," exclaims its ungrateful master. Whereupon the cat arises, and reprimands him in a long and rather tedious oration. After which it retires from the scene.

As the story is evidently of a moral nature, mythological ideas entering into it only so far as the supernatural being is concerned whom the cat contrives to kill in its master's behalf, it has undergone less alteration in the course of its travels than legends which, like "Cinderella," or "Beauty and the Beast," appear to have originally involved some mythological conception. Its comparatively commonplace character in this respect has prevented its being turned to account by the extreme section of the solar-myth school. Other cats of popular fiction have been found by such commentators to be sublimely mythical.

There are two Indian fables the meaning of which seems at first sight to be perfectly plain and simple. In one of them ("*Panchatantra*," iii. 2), a hare and a sparrow agree to refer a dispute to the arbitration of a wild cat named Dadhi-karna or Milk-Ear, that is, having ears as white as milk. This cat pretends to be leading an ascetic life, and the two litigants find it standing on one foot, with its face turned towards the sun and its forepaws lifted on high, uttering the most edifying sentiments, to the effect that

"life is the illusion of an instant," and so forth. Entreated to act as judge, the cat asks the suitors to draw near, on the ground that it is old and hard of hearing. When they have come within reach, it seizes one of them with its claws and the other with its teeth, and so puts a complete end to their dispute. A similarly hypocritical cat, mentioned in the "*Ma-hābhārata*," lives on the shores of the Ganges and feeds upon the mice in which its feigned austerities have inspired confidence. After referring to these two stories, an accomplished scholar goes on to say: * "Thus far we have seen the cat with white ears, who hunts the hare (or moon), the morning twilight, and the penitent cat, who eats mice at the river's side, and which is mythically the same. . . . The thieving cat . . . is now the morning twilight, now the moon who gives chase to the mice of the night." But the booted puss seems never to have been likened even to the smallest luminary of the night, not to speak of a morning or evening twilight. One of the greatest changes which have come over it, or its prototype the fox, is to be found in a South African variant of the story. Benfey has remarked that future investigations will some day show clearly that there are very few peoples to whom Indian tales have not made their way; and among the savage races which thus became acquainted with the wisdom of India were some of the African tribes, to whom Mussulman narrators probably conveyed Indian traditions obtained by Arabs from Persian sources. At all events some such migration as this is much more easily to be believed in than any kind of "independent evolution," in the case of the variant of the "Puss in Boots" story which is contained in Mr. Steere's "*Swahili Tales*" (No. 2). In it a miserable wretch finds a coin in a heap of rubbish, and expends it upon the purchase of a gazelle which he thus saves from death. The gazelle proves grateful, and renders its master the services which the booted cat rendered to the Marquis de Carabas, gaining for him the hand of a king's daughter, and the property of a seven-headed snake. At last the gazelle falls ill, and its master shows it no sympathy. It dies, and instead of giving it an honorable burial, he flings it into a well. That night he dreams that he is back in his original position, grovelling on the heap of rubbish. He wakes, and finds his dream realized. He

is back again there, all his state and prosperity as Sultan Darai having disappeared. This termination seems to have been borrowed from some other tale, of the class to which belongs the German tale of "The Fisherman and his Wife," wherein the enriched fisher-folk who ask for too much suddenly find themselves reduced to their former misery in their original hovel.

The group of stories to which "Puss in Boots" belongs is one of the largest and most widely ramified of the divisions of folk-tales. The themes those stories handle, the sentiments they express, are within the comprehension of all hearers, and appeal to feelings which influence every heart. The leading part allotted in them to animals endears them to youth, their slightly cynical flavor is grateful to old age. Even in Europe they still indirectly support the cause of kindness towards the brute creation. The dullest peasant cannot mistake the sense of such a story as the "Well Done and Ill Paid" of the Norse Tales (No. 38), in which the man behaves so ungratefully to the fox which has saved him from a bear, or the Russian story which tells how "old kindness is forgotten" (Afanasief, iii., No. 24). The latter tale is almost identical with that of "The Brahman, the Tiger, and the Six Judges" in Miss Frere's "Old Deccan Days," which is the same in all but a few details as the old Indian story (Benfey's "*Panchatantra*," i. 113) of the crocodile which induced a Brahman to carry it in a sack to Benares, in order that it might live in the holy Ganges. At the end of the journey it was about to devour its benefactor, when he appealed for sympathy to a mango-tree and an old cow. The mango replied that men were accustomed to destroy trees after having derived benefit from their shade and fruit. The cow said that now it could be no longer of use to men, they had abandoned it to the beasts of prey. Fortunately for the Brahman, a fox came up which persuaded the crocodile to go back into the bag, whereupon it was killed by the man and eaten by the fox. In the Russian variant, the man who has been rescued from death by the fox finally hit it over the head and beat it to death, saying the while, "Old kindness is forgotten." In many of the Indian stories of this kind, a warning against man's ingratitude is given in a very straightforward manner. A hunter, says one of them, took refuge from the wrath of a tiger in a tree, and was hospitably entertained by a monkey which

* Zoological Mythology, ii. 53.

had its home there. In the course of the night, while the man was asleep, the tiger came and asked the monkey to throw him down. The monkey refused, in spite of the tiger's warning that his guest, being a man, would be sure to do him an injury. Later on the tiger came back and found the man awake, and easily persuaded him to throw down the sleeping monkey. But the monkey escaped, and next morning went forth to seek a breakfast for his guest. The man availed himself of its absence to kill its entire family. On its return the monkey was grieved but not angered, and proceeded to show its guest the way out of the forest. When they reached the open country, the man killed the monkey and set out homewards. Before he got there, however, he fell into a hole, and so right through into hell. Meantime the monkey was carried up into heaven, where it found its family restored to life. In one of the sacred books of Tibet ("Kahgyur," vol. iv., f. 212), the hunter who rescues from a hole into which they have fallen a lion, a snake, a mouse, and a hawk, is expressly warned by the lion not to have anything to do with a woodcutter who is also in the same place of captivity. "I shall be grateful to you," it says, "but do not draw up that black-haired forgetter of kindness received." In spite of that warning the hunter rescues the woodcutter, and suffers accordingly. The story occurs also in the "*Panchatantra*," and from the work of which the "*Panchatantra*" is the Indian representative it passed towards the middle of the eighth century into the Syriac and Arabic "*Kalilah and Dimnah*," and thence in the eleventh century through Symeon Seth's Greek translation, and in the thirteenth century through the Latin translation (from a Hebrew version) of Joannes of Capua, it made its way into the literature of Europe.

Among ourselves the best-known story of the kind is that of Whittington's cat, which offers an interesting illustration of the manner in which fictitious events are connected with the career of a real person. According to the chap-book legend, young Whittington purchased a cat with the only penny he possessed in the world, not out of pity, but with the sensible view of keeping down the rats and mice by which he was annoyed in his garret. The cat, being sent out as a venture in one of his master's ships, fetched a high price in Barbary, where rats and mice were rife but cats were unknown, and so laid the foundation of his fortunes. Sir Richard

Whittington's biographers have made a touching stand in defence of the authenticity of this highly improbable story. Dr. Lysons refused to yield a jot to the argument that, as the tale had been told over and over again in many lands, and had been known in Persia before Whittington was born, therefore the author of the legendary life of his hero probably borrowed the incident. He even held that "the very fact of the story being so widely spread goes to prove that it has some foundation of reality." Mr. Besant, in the bright and graphic memoir of Whittington which he contributed to the "*New Plutarch*," after justly dismissing Mr. Riley's "ingenious" suggestions as to "cat" being a corruption of *achat*, a purchase, or a term meaning a collier, goes on to argue in favor of the credibility of the story on the following grounds. There used to exist in the Mercers' Hall a portrait of Whittington, dated 1536, in which a black and white cat figured at his left hand. A still existing portrait by Reginald Elstrack, who flourished about 1590, represents him with his hand resting on a cat. The story is told that the hand originally rested on a skull, but that in deference to public opinion a cat was substituted, which proves that the legend or the history had been by that time completely spread. That is also proved by a reference to the cat legend in Heywood's "*If You know not Me*," and by another in Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Knight of the Burning Pestle*." Newgate gaol was rebuilt by Whittington's executors, and his statue, with a cat at his feet, is said to have been set up on the gate, and to have remained there till the fire of 1666. Moreover a piece of plate, on which figured "heraldic cats," was presented to the Mercers' Company in 1672; and in the house at Gloucester which the Whittingtons occupied till 1560, there was dug up a stone, when repairs were being made in 1862, "on which, in *basso rilievo*, is represented the figure of a boy carrying in his arms a cat. The workmanship appears to be of the fifteenth century."

This is all that can be said in favor of the legend. Against it, besides its inherent improbability, may be called as witnesses various folk-tales, which at least suggest that the story is one of the commonplaces of popular fiction, capable of being associated with any historical or fictitious personage. In the German "*Three Luck Children*" (Grimm, No. 70), the story becomes farcical. The cat,

after being bartered for a mule laden with gold, frightens its new proprietors so greatly by its mewing that they attempt to rid themselves of it by means of artillery, whereby they destroy the royal palace. The Whittington's cat story is told of a citizen of Venice by Albertus of Stade, who wrote his chronicle about a hundred years before Whittington was born.* A poor man, he says, who possessed nothing but two cats, entrusted them to a rich merchant, who happened to visit a mouse-plagued land. There he sold the cats at a high price (*vendidit catos pro magna pecunia*), and brought home much wealth to his poor fellow-citizen. The Norse story of "The Honest Penny" ("Tales from the Fjeld," p. 22), is told at much greater length, approaching very closely in form to the variants current in eastern Europe. From Sicily come two highly religious specimens of the tale. In one (Pitré, No. 116), St. Michael the archangel protects a youth in many ways. Among other things, the saint tells him to procure a ship-load of cats from a king. The king issues an order that "all persons who possess cats shall bring them to the king's palace." Having obtained his feline cargo, the youth sells it in a catless land for its weight in gold. In the other Sicilian variant St. Joseph is the supernatural protector, and a ship-load of gold is the price realized by the cats, but in other respects the two legends entirely agree. The Servian version (Vuk, No. 7) begins, like the Norwegian, with the account of a righteously earned coin, which the earner entrusts to a merchant, who with it ransoms a cat which boys are about to drown. After a time the merchant comes to a land where rats and mice sadly vex the inhabitants, who are obliged to shut themselves up at night in chests, for fear of their ears being gnawed off, and where a ship-load of gold and silver is gladly given in exchange for the cat. In Afanasief's collection of Russian folk-tales the story occurs twice. "The Three Kopeks" (v., No. 32), opens in the same way as the Norwegian and Servian variants. A workman at the end of a year accepts from his master only one small coin. This he tests by throwing it into a river, saying, "If I have served truly and faithfully, then my kopek will not sink." It does sink, and he recommences his labors.

At the end of the second year the coin which represents his wages sinks also. But when the third year has gone by, and he has a third time thrown a kopek into the river, all three coins rise to the surface of the water. With one of them he purchases a cat, which is eventually bartered for three ships. The other story, that of "The Wise Wife" (vii. 22), is one of the most remarkable of all the variants of the tale. A youngest son of feeble intellect purchased a dog and a cat with the money his father had left him, and set out to seek his fortune. Meeting some merchants, he entrusted to them his cat, which they carried to a land where no one had ever seen a cat, but rats and mice were as plentiful as grass in a field. The chief merchant was invited one day to the house of a commercial man, who made him drunk and left him to spend the night in a barn, saying to himself, "Let the rats eat him up, and we shall get his wealth for nothing." Fortunately the cat had followed the merchant, from whom it could not bear to be absent. So when the rats arrived they suffered greatly. The host looked in next morning, and found to his great surprise that "the merchant was not a bit the worse, and the cat was finishing the last rat." He straightway purchased it for six barrels of gold. The merchant returned home and handed over to the youth his share of the money. "What shall I do with it?" thought the young man. At length an idea occurred to him. Wandering through towns and villages, he distributed two-thirds of his money among the poor. With the remainder "he bought incense, piled it up afield, and set it alight. As it burnt, the odor thereof went up to God in heaven. Suddenly an angel appeared, saying, "The Lord has ordered me to ask you what you would like to have." "I don't know," answered the fool. Unable to decide for himself, the youth was at length instructed by an old man as to what he should ask for. "If riches are given to you, you will probably forget God," said the greybeard. "Better ask for a wise wife." The youth did so, and was made happy forever.

In this story we are carried far away from Sir Richard Whittington and the thrice-gained mayoralty of London town. The "natural" who spends a fortune on almsgiving and incense-burning is a very different being from the practical mercer of our own land; so impulsive and altogether untradesmanlike a speculator was much more likely to be indebted for the

* He is supposed to have been made abbot of the monastery at Stade in 1240. His *Chronicon Universale* was not published till 1587, and the cat story may be an interpolation.

foundation of his fortune to a bartered cat than the practical Englishman whose real success has been associated by tradition with a probably fictitious feline friendship. We can scarcely hope that any new evidence will be found in support of the Whittington legend. But it is very probable that fresh variants of the story of his cat will be discovered in Eastern lands, all tending to preach the same doctrine — that it is right to show kindness to animals, and that he who saves the life of even a cat shall not go unrewarded. The same lesson is taught also by the "Puss in Boots" tale, when it appears in its complete form, with the warning appended thereunto that of all animals man is the most ungrateful. And thus Whittington's cat and the booted cat may fairly claim the right of standing side by side amid the ranks of the great moral instructors of the world.

There remains to be told but one more cat story of importance. It claims to be of recent date, and it conveys the useful moral that they who attempt to benefit their fellow-men must be prepared for frequent disappointments. A few years ago, if newspaper reports may be believed, a ship was sent to the colony of Tristan d'Acunha with a score of cats on board. These animals were a present from the lords of the admiralty, to whom it had been reported that the island was mouse-ridden. When the vessel arrived the governor of the colony begged that the cats might be kept on board. It was quite true, he explained, that the island was infested by mice, but it was also overrun by cats. And in Tristan d'Acunha cats, in consequence of some strange climatic influence, always abandoned mousing, a fact which accounted for the abnormal development of the mouse population. So that a gift of cats to Tristan d'Acunha was even less likely to be welcome than a present of "owls to Athens."

W. R. S. RALSTON.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
HIGH TIDE IN VENICE.

LAST year the whole of the Veneto has been subject to floods ruinous in their violence and duration. It might have been supposed that Venice itself would suffer little from these, floating as she does upon the water, her natural element. That is not the case, however; and more than once the city has been under water

for several hours. The floods in the city have a different cause from those which desolate the mainland; it is the sea and the wind which are responsible for them, and not the continual pour of rain upon the Alps. No doubt before the rivers — the Piave, the Sile, and the Brenta — were canalized and their mouths diverted from the lagoons into the open sea, a flood on the mainland would mean high water in Venice; but now the principal author of a flood in the city is "that son of a dog the scirocco." A heavy wind blowing up the Adriatic for two days, and sending a turbid sea rolling on the sands of the Lido, virtually blocks the mouths by which the tidal waters escape from the lagoons into the open. The downgoing tide cannot pass out till it has lost its hour for falling, and begins to turn and rise again. Then it comes sweeping in before the wind; swirling round the point by St. Elena and the Public Gardens, streaming along the curve by the Riva degli Schiavoni, dividing at the point of the Dogana; half the grey-green flood pours up the Grand Canal, and half fills the wider Giudecca from marge to marge.

Both the floods of this year have taken place in the morning. As one opens the window a blast of warm, moist air streams into the room, wetting all the walls, and standing in drops on the scagliola pavement; the air is thick and heavy, and charged with salt sea spray; and far off, above the roofs of the houses, there reigns a continual booming noise, unremitting and impressive in its pervasiveness — it is the roar of the sea on the Lido, two miles or more away. Then the small canal below the window begins to feel the incoming tide. The chips of hay or of wood, the cabbage-stalks and scraps of old matting, move uneasily, as if in doubt which way they are to go; then, with a final turn on their pivots, they yield to the current and sweep away towards the Giudecca. The color of the water changes to a pale pea-green, not quite clear, but looking as if it had come fresh from the sea. Steadily the tide flows faster and faster under the bridge, and the market-men and gondoliers begin to secure their boats to the posts. So it goes on for an hour or more, till the jade-colored flood has nearly brimmed to the edge of the *fondamenta*, but not yet overflowed it. Then the water begins to appear in the *calle*; it comes welling up through every drain-hole and between the flags of the pavement, bubbling like a little geyser and making a low, gurgling

noise; for the sea begins to flood Venice under the pavements, and not over the *fondamente*, which are usually higher than the streets. Presently the baker's shop puts out a board to serve as a bridge for its customers; but soon the water from the canal has joined that in the calle; the bridge ceases to be of use and floats idly away. Persistently the sea rises; it creeps under the large door of the palace, and swells the little pools that are bubbling up in the courtyard, and flows right out by the great gates on the Grand Canal, converting the whole *cortile* into a little lake. Then the first boat passes down the calle, stopping at the shop-doors to pick up fares, and bare-legged men offer their services as porters from the high bridge-steps to the upper end of the street, which is still dry. Indeed, the flood is an excuse for the display of bare legs, and half the population of the quarter are tucked above the knee. All the windows are full of women and children laughing at the traffic below — laughing at the thrifty, high-kilted housewife out for her marketing, who grudges a sou for the boat and shrinks from the portage; laughing at the thin-shod dandy whose hat was blown off and umbrella turned inside out; laughing at the heavy man who nearly brings himself and his bearer prone upon the water. Then suddenly, without a moment's warning, there is a dazzling flash of lightning, a rattling peal; every face disappears from the windows, and all the green shutters go to with a bang.

All the streets are full of people, most of them bound for the Piazza to see the fun. There is laughter and jesting everywhere, and the impression of a capital joke in bare legs and top-boots; the people get their amusement out of it all, though the basements of their houses are soaking and their winter firewood slowly taking in the water. Here is one woman walking along through the flood serenely regardless of indiscreet disclosure; another in a pair of high top-boots, lent by her friend, who stands on the bridge and looks on. The Piazza is one large lake from the door of St. Mark's up to the raised walk that runs under the colonnades, and right down the Piazzetta out into the stormy lagoon. Under the colonnades a crowd promenades or stands in the arches watching the boats, the gondolas, sandoles and barche, that charge two sous for a row. The bright mosaics of St. Mark's façade and the long lines of the two Procuratie seem to gain in color and in form as they

rise right up from this level of the sea. The doves go wheeling about in the upper air, half in alarm at the unwonted sight below them. Hard by the two granite columns at the sea end of the Piazzetta some speculators have fixed a rickety wooden bridge two planks wide, that leads to the Ponte della Paglia; but the wind is so high that only a venturesome few attempt the passage, and more, it would seem, to keep the game alive than from any pressure of business. They are greeted with applause or laughter as they make the transit in safety or lose their hats on the way. Presently the water begins to go down, and then follows a regular stampede of all the boats in the Piazza, for, once caught there, it is a serious matter to lift a gondola down to the sea. In a moment the bridge is broken up, and the boats, in inextricable confusion, come streaming down the Piazzetta, bumping together, or now and then giving an ominous crunch against the flags. There is laughter, encouragement, and help from the on-looking crowd. Any excuse serves for some one to rush into the water: a hand to this gondola, a lift to that barchetta. In a very short space the Piazza is empty once more. The water falls fast, leaving patches of green seaweed on the stones. Out towards San Giorgio and the Gardens a heavy haze hangs in the sky; a wind laden with foam drives inward from the sea. There is the perpetual boom of the Adriatic on the beach, and the hot breath of the scirocco sweeping over the heaving grey expanse of water that breaks in waves on the marble steps and foundations of the Piazzetta.

From St. James's Gazette.

WANDERING THOUGHTS.

A FEW weeks since Lord Lamington complained, and the sympathetic *Times* published his plaint, that he was unable to get a *wagon-lit* at Paris to travel south in, though he had given ten days' notice to the railway company. Ten days' premonition of the coming-on of sleep is ample, one would think, and his lordship's bed should certainly have been made. It was not, however; and therefore he advised the British public not to travel to the south of France. The premisses seem hardly adequate to support so momentous a conclusion; and so I asked myself at the Gare de Lyon whether one

might not stop somewhere to sleep between Paris and the Riviera. Lyons may be too commercial, perhaps, and, moreover, one reaches it too soon for slumber; but Avignon is conveniently placed as to bed-time. Besides, it has a sleepy look about it; its very name, too, is of a soothing sound. And when you wake at Avignon!

It is not in our beds that we wake, and they distinguish not nicely who think so. I rose and left the inn; but it was at the Porte de l'Oulle that I awakened. The Rhone, too, had left his bed, and tumbled tumultuously over the edges of it. How little one realized him when he occurred with such iteration—*Rhodanusque flumen*—in Cæsar's "Commentaries"! How wide the stream, how irresistible the current, how many Rubicons to cross at once are here! At this moment a peasant traverses the bridge with his sheep, which he leads to the slaughter on the further side of it. See there, if you please, Cæsar and his legions; or, if it please you better, compare them simply with the fatter flocks of Leicestershire.

While I stand on the new bridge here, it occurs to me that as a rule there is a painful sameness in bridges—Waterloo, Charing-cross, le Pont Neuf—they are all alike in their main feature: they span a stream and unite the two banks of the river they stand over. It is commonplace, is that, though doubtless convenient. A complete bridge leaves nothing to the imagination. The commonplace is, by its nature, of such general occurrence that Avignon has, of course, a bridge of the usual sort—good enough for traffic. But Avignon has more—another has it, an affair purely of pleasure, of fantasy, of speculation. It is the singular merit of the Bridge of St. Benezet that it does not extend across the river, but only to the middle of it. I have been told it did at one time reach to the opposite bank: which redeems it from the suspicion of being merely a jetty, that symbol of resignation to incompleteness in presence of the unattainable ideal. The bridge of the saintly shepherd, as becomes its name and origin, has withdrawn from the hurried and mundane traffic of to-day, for which a vulgar iron bridge may well enough suffice. Over one-half the river stretch the piers and arches of St. Benezet, carrying the roadway for passengers who have all gone by, and lifting above the flood a chapel for the good of souls who long ago crossed a wider stream than the Rhone. Four only are the arches

that stand, and I know not the width of them—yet they bridge, I think, a greater chasm than Clifton. Surely it is no *impasse*, that roadway of St. Benezet, for it leads you back far into the past—to the time when the shore you now stand on was the further one—the future. There it leaves you, till you choose to turn and walk back. I feel somewhat ashamed that, having come to Avignon merely to sleep, I should stay to examine the town. Certainly the *compé-lit* is not so distracting. The walls of the city, the palace of the popes, the tower called Glaciere, the prison of Rienzi—all these arrest the idle traveller; and memory peoples for him the streets of the town with popes and cardinals, warriors and poets. Here Petrarch first saw Laura. Here Crillon had his home: Crillon, "le brave des braves," the companion-in-arms of Henry IV. A statue of him stands in the Place; for almost any little French town has statues better than those of London, whether Mr. Belt or Ver Heyden, or both, make them for us.

This bronze helps to recall Crillon for a moment from the past. The *mots* of his which have come down to us may fit well that bold and haughty presence. So looked he on the field of Moncontour, you may fancy. Yet, probably, he did not there pose so much; and so we must remember him in less serious circumstances. One sees the great captain, and thinks of his dancing-master. "Pliez, monsieur, reculez," said the professor. "Je n'en ferai rien," says the statue, as said the man. "Crillon ne plia, ni ne recula, jamais!" He understood no pleasantries, this soldier; and still they tell of him at Avignon how the Duc de Guise, to try his courage, roused him one night at Marseilles with news that the Spaniards were upon them, and proposed flight. Then, on Crillon's taking his arms and calmly choosing to meet the enemy, the duc laughed at the success of his jest, and so procured himself a rough grasp on the arm and these words to add to his merriment. "Harnibleu!" ("C'était son juron," remarked he who told me the story) "si tu m'avais trouvé faible je te poignardais sur le champ." A hero, Crillon, but without, apparently, a nice sense of the ludicrous, as is the case with many heroes, ancient and modern. A man who could occasion the line, "Pleure comme Crillon exilé d'un combat." A man who, hearing in that old Church of St. Agricola down there a sermon, somewhat realistic, on the Crucifixion, rose and exclaimed—

his hand on his sword and in attitude as there before you — "Où étais-tu, Crillon?" A question hitherto unanswered, and which merely suggests another and similar: Crillon, where now are you?

Refreshed by my sleep at Avignon, I arrived at Nice; which proves that a *wagon-lit* is not essential to the preservation of life in travelling. Much I missed where all is newer than New York; but it is arranged that though we leave behind us illusions of one sort, we shall in return find illusions of many. Hardly, therefore, am I seated before my cup of coffee in the Place Masséna, when a benevolent gentleman puts into my hand what looks like a tract. Had I been in England, the appearance of his offering and the evangelical air with which he tendered it had made me reject the paper; but being at Nice I took it, and read as follows: "La solution du problème pour toujours gagner au jeu de la roulette vient d'être définitivement trouvée, après sept ans de recherches incessantes, par un esprit penseur." What news for the Society of Monte Carlo! I reflect; what ruin for the heirs of M. Blanc! whom straightway I begin to pity, as is becoming. And this worthy man, I say (with admiration of his generosity), has chosen me, a complete stranger, for a disclosure so important, a confidence so touching! The explanation, somewhat veiled, of this system was developed in one or two paragraphs of attractive simplicity. Again the suspicion that I had been presented with a tract came over me when I read, "Ce n'est pas assez de bien commencer, il faut bien finir," a precept of incontrovertible morality. But that idea was dispelled by the somewhat worldly statement that followed. "L'auteur (my evangelical friend) demande quelqu'un avec un peu de fonds pour aller jouer à Monte-Carlo." Gain was affirmed to be certain, and this noble heart asked only one-half of the winnings from him who should provide the "peu de fonds." The unselfishness of this conduct was apparent when I noticed that one thousand francs a day was certain to be won. After one day's work that "esprit penseur" would have quite enough to go alone; yet he proposed and contemplated a partnership of indefinite length. "Poor thinker!" said I; "how the world will abuse your confidence! how little you know of its treatment of great discoverers!"

They were expecting a great man at Nice, to bury him. I found myself again in Paris. On to the Place de la Concorde

came a deputation from Alsace-Lorraine and deposited a mourning wreath at the foot of the statue there of Strasburg. I would give nothing for the journey that goes right on; and being *en voyage*, I went backward some twelve years of time. Then, while the crowd about me praised the resistance on the Loire, and while I heard the names of Gambetta and Chanzy on every side, recollection perhaps — though I thought it was the statue with the wreath at its feet — whispered sadly the words, "Où étais-tu, Crillon?"

From The Spectator.

SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

IN turning over the admirably edited and amusing book which Mr. Samuel Arthur Bent has just given us on the sayings of great men,* nothing, perhaps, strikes one more than the interest attaching to the sayings of persons of very poor capacity, so long as that poor capacity has been weighted with sufficient self-confidence to make it measure itself coolly against the world. The most memorable quality attaching to the sayings of eminent men, is not usually the wit, or the wisdom, or the truth of the saying, but the stamp of a distinct personality upon it. A hundred wise or witty sayings go astray in the world, and get fathered upon wrong parents, for every one sharply marked characteristic saying that thus goes astray. For example, Goethe's sayings are very many of them really wise and instructive, but it is often extremely difficult to remember from whom they proceeded, because they are not stamped with a distinct personality. "Stupidity is without anxiety," or "Architecture is petrified music," or "Mastery is often considered a kind of egotism," for instance, are all sayings of interest, but not sayings which shed much light on the character of the sayer, and, therefore, not closely associated with the sayer. But when George III. said, "Was there ever such stuff as great parts of Shakespeare? Is there not sad stuff? But one must not say it," it is impossible to forget this courageous attempt of the poor old king to cut himself out, as it were, in a bas-relief on the background of Shakespeare, and to mark even his British deference to a widespread admiration which he did not in the least share. Mr. Bent might also

* Published by Chatto and Windus.

have recalled King George's remark, when he was asked to give preferment to Archdeacon Paley, and replied, with reference to Paley's celebrated illustration of the artificial character of the institution of property taken from the demeanor of a crowd of pigeons scrambling for their share of a heap of corn, "What, Paley, Paley, pigeon-Paley? No, no, no, no." George III. gained from his crown only the ability, which most dull people lack, to have confidence in himself, — to hold his own opinion against the universe, however "infinitely little" that opinion may have been; and it is this power to annex an opinion, to make it part of a man's own character, much more even than the greatness or truth of it, or even the brilliant manner in which it is expressed, which makes it memorable for us. George III.'s sayings are, like his own image stamped on copper, poor in expression, but very strongly stamped. It was the same with Madame de Pompadour's celebrated expression of recklessness, "*Après nous, le déluge*," a saying which has become part of history, partly from its truth, partly from its vivid expression of the selfishness and recklessness which made it historical. And it is this quality of personal expressiveness which, when the character so stamped is not poor, but has anything magnificent or noble in it, that makes a great saying take rank with a great deed. Louis XIV.'s declaration on his death-bed to Madame de Maintenon, "I imagined it more difficult to die," as though *his* departure at least must have involved a convulsion of nature; and Pitt's grand farewell to power, when he returned, dying, from Bath, "Fold up the map of Europe," are excellent specimens of the sort of sayings which, though containing no thought at all, nothing but a great consciousness of power, yet impress us more than the most vivid wisdom or the most poignant wit. This is why dignity tells for so much in a saying of this kind, — for so much more, indeed, than even truth. Burke's grand sentence on the hustings, when referring to the death of another candidate, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" makes an even greater impression on the imagination than the other sentence, "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people," not because it embodies half the political wisdom of the second sentence, but because it recalls Burke and his soaring imagination more impressively to the mind. Even Lord Chesterfield, with all

his thinness and superficiality, makes his mark upon us directly he begins to delineate himself. "There is a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasures, as well as in business," and "Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments give lustre, and many more people see than weigh," paint so exactly a man thoughtfully and consistently anxious about appearances, that they impress us almost as much as one of Dr. Johnson's vivid self-portraits of a much nobler kind. Indeed, they impress us not only almost as much, but for nearly the same reason, that by imaging the man who lived in appearances, they throw up in strong relief on our minds the recollection of men to whom mere appearances were naught.

Sayings, however excellent, which do not convey in them any self-portraiture are seldom vividly associated with their true authors. How many of our readers will remember who it was that said, "Nothing is certain but death and taxes;" or, "We must all hang together, else we shall all hang separately," or even, "It is better to wear out than rust out," which last does represent the energy of a certain kind of temperament, but energy so common that it marks rather a class than an individual. Benjamin Franklin said the two first sayings, and Bishop Cumberland the last, but we should be surprised to find any one in a company of literary men who could have pronounced on the spot to whom any one of the three was to be attributed. On the other hand, we seldom misappropriate sayings containing much less that it is worth while to remember, if only they vividly portray a memorable figure, — like Frederick the Great's indignant "*Wollt ihr immer leben?*" ("Do you fellows want to live forever?") when his soldiers showed some disinclination to being shot down (a saying which Mr. Bent has forgotten, though he has included several by the same speaker much less remarkable), or Gambetta's peremptory "*Il faudra ou se soumettre, ou se démettre*," of Marshal MacMahon's "Government of Combat." Thus, the most impressive of all sayings are probably those of great rulers who contrived to embody the profound confidence they felt that a life of command was before them, in a few weighty words. Julius Cæsar's "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and his question to the skipper who feared for the loss of his boat, "What dost thou fear, when Cæsar is on board?" or his disdainful apology for an unjust divorce, "Cæsar's wife ought to be free even from

suspicion," are likely to be in every one's mouth as long as the world lasts. And so, perhaps, is Napoleon's, "I succeeded not Louis XIV., but Charlemagne," and the same great man's remark, "Imagination rules the world," and, "I ought to have died at Waterloo."

But the most influential of all great sayings are those which combine great force and weight of character with a precept, express or implied. Thus, Cavour's remarkable prophecy, written seven-and-twenty years before its fulfilment, "In my dreams, I see myself already minister of the kingdom of Italy," — the most impressive of all precepts to have faith in great national cravings, — or, again, his expressive saying, "In politics, nothing is so absurd as rancor;" or, "I will have no state of siege; any one can govern with a state of siege," will do more to keep Italy united, to keep her governments statesmanlike, and to keep her people free, than reams of argument from men less memorable and less potent. Has not Danton's "Let us be terrible, to prevent the people from becoming so," and his still more celebrated, "De l'audace, encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace!" done more to excite an unfortunate enthusiasm for deeds of terror done in the name of the people, than all the windy eloquence of the Gironde or the Mountain? When a man once manages to compress a strong character — good or bad — into a pithy sentence which claims to regulate the conduct of others, he lives after death in a sense denied to the great majority even of men of genius, though his posthumous life may be either for evil or for good.

Indeed, the essence of the grandest sayings appears to be that in such sayings the speaker flings down his glove to all the forces which are fighting against him, and deliberately regards himself as the champion in some dramatic conflict the centre of which he is. Cromwell's "Paint me as I am," and the more elaborate, though not more memorable, "I have sought the Lord night and day that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work," or his reputed saying of Charles, "We will cut off his head with the crown on it," all implied his supreme conviction that he was the involuntary minister of a great series of providential acts. It is the same with Mirabeau's contemptuous thrusting aside

of the part taken by Lafayette with the scornful remark, "He would fain be a Grandison-Cromwell!" and still more with his inflated, but still genuinely sincere, avowal in the Constitutional Assembly, "When I shake my terrible locks, all France trembles," and his brushing away of the thought "impossible," — "Never mention that stupid word again." Even Voltaire, in his flippant way, regarded himself, and deliberately elected to regard himself as the one personal enemy of the Roman Catholic Church, when he said, in reply to a friend who had noticed his reverence as the host passed, and who asked whether he had been reconciled to the Church, "We bow but do not speak." It is true that many such sayings acquire their dramatic meaning by the artificial moderation rather than the emphasis of their language, as when the Duke of Wellington spoke of the battle of Navarino simply as "an untoward event;" but this, too, was supreme assumption in disguise, for it meant that he was able entirely to ignore its drift as a battle, and to concentrate his attention and the attention of the world solely on its tendency to unsettle "the balance of power." The perfect silence in which he passed over the commonplace view of Navarino, and insisted on looking at it solely in the attitude of a diplomatist, indicated in the most graphic manner how completely indifferent he felt to the class of consequences which would first strike the popular mind. His serene indifference to the Turkish disaster as a disaster was quite Olympian. Perhaps the finest thing ever said was Burke's answer to Pitt, who declared that England and the British Constitution were safe till the day of judgment, "It is the day of *no* judgment I am afraid of;" but it is not certain that Burke really meant to convey all that the words do convey. Possibly, he meant it chiefly as a sarcasm on Pitt's want of judgment; but the larger sense of the saying, in which it means that it is not the day of divine judgment that is to be feared, so much as the day when the reality of divine judgment is hidden from men, and human beings go on in the frivolous, irresponsible pursuit of their own wishes, is quite worthy of Burke, and conveys a grander conception of the spiritual scales in which political negligence will be judged, than any other saying which even Burke himself has uttered.

From The Athenæum.

THE WENTWORTH PAPERS.*

"UT clavis portam, sic pandit Epistola pectus." So runs the motto which gossiping James Howell prefixed to the "Epistolæ Ho-Eliañæ," yet could not save himself from the accusation of Anthony à Wood that he had manufactured his "Familiar Letters" in the enforced retirement of the Fleet. And in truth the adage is scarcely of universal application. There is little "liberation of the mind," for instance, in the *chronique scandaleuse* of Horace Walpole, lightly recording for Montagu or Mann the freshest tittle-tattle about Miss Chudleigh or the last new squib of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams. Still less can any very overt sincerity be claimed for Pope's disingenuous and artful utterances, with their sophisticated dates and manipulated anecdotes; still less, again, for the "elegant effusions," carefully transcribed for the press, which the "Swan of Lichfield" left for Constable to publish after her death. Swift's letters to Stella, written, as he phrases it, "leaning on his elbow;" or Steele's messages to Prue, with a parcel of walnuts, and a notification that he will lie that night "at a baker's, one Leg, over against the Devil Tavern, at Charing Cross," and begging her to oblige him "with his night-gown, slippers, and clean linen," are much more in the spirit of Howell's maxim. But even these are the productions of literary men, who must be supposed to be never quite free from professional self-consciousness. For the real letter that "opens Breasts," "As Keys do open Chests," we must go to some example that seemed never by any chance likely to be published. Such, for example, is that tender farewell which Arundel Penruddock addressed to her husband before his execution. Or, in a minor degree, we may find candor in some of the forgotten family correspondence now and then exhumed from country houses and noblemen's seats, at no time intended for more than the narrow domestic circle, and still, though faded, retaining its "innocent blacknesses" and impotent spelling. Of this last class the interesting selection which Mr. Cartwright has made from the mass of Strafford papers lately acquired by the British Museum may stand as type.

Thomas Wentworth, Lord Raby, afterwards Earl of Strafford, was, as Mr. Cartwright's careful and very necessary "Introductory Memoir" informs us, a considerable personage in the reigns of William and Anne. Beginning as a page to Mary of Modena, he subsequently obtained a cornet's commission, and served in the Highlands against Dundee. In Flanders he was in all the campaigns until the Peace of Ryswick. At Landen he acted as William's aide-de-camp, and was one of the four officers who passed the Mehaigne with the king after the army was put to flight; "and he lay all night in an orchard near the little house where William and the elector of Bavaria slept on straw. At a place near Louvain, where the king dined the next day, he desired some great man to rise and make room for Mr. Wentworth, saying, 'Pray let us who continued in the battle and all night together dine together.'" In 1695, by the death of his cousin William, second Earl of Strafford (the first having been executed on Tower Hill in May, 1641), he inherited the title of Lord Raby, and took his seat in the House of Lords. The next important event in his life was a successful mission to Berlin in 1701. Then King William died. After serving again under Marlborough he was chosen—rather against his will, as it appears—envoy to the Prussian court, where his appointment was exceedingly well received by Frederick I. Some of his letters from Berlin are of great interest, and one of them affords a curious glimpse of the court ceremonial at the death of the queen of Prussia in 1705:—

You would laugh heartily to see me in the mourning I am in at present for the Queen of Prussia. I have a crape hat band which, when my hat is on, trails two yards on the ground, so when it is off you may judge how long it is. Then I wear a long black cloak down to my feet, before which is a train belling (?) of three yards long, and my page holds up my train as the ladies, and my long crape hat band looks like the veils the ladies used to wear. Nothing is so dismal as the court, where you see abundance of gentlemen all in the same dresses. The King's cloak is seven yards long. The ladies come to court to see the King in black veils and black head clothes, with black crape peaks over their foreheads, and all their faces covered with black veils; and you must imagine all this company in a great room covered top and bottom with black and but four candles in it. To make it more dismal the Queen's body lies in state at Hanover and is to be brought hither, where she

* *The Wentworth Papers, 1705-1730.* With a Memoir and Notes by James J. Cartwright, M.A. Wyman & Sons.

is to lie upon a bed of state, dressed out as when she was alive, till September next [Lord Raby was writing in February], when she is to be buried.

From a later letter, however, it seems that the funeral took place in June. Early in 1706 Lord Raby became ambassador extraordinary at Berlin; and in the same year, during Frederick's visit to Holland, he joined the army, narrowly escaping capture with Cadogan during a forage. With the exception of short visits to England, however, he remained at Berlin until March, 1711, when he was transferred to the Hague, and in September of that year he was created Earl of Strafford. Then he was appointed joint plenipotentiary with Dr. Robinson to negotiate the Treaty of Utrecht, in which duty, but for his pride (Lord Strafford was "infinitely proud," Swift said), he would have had for coadjutor Matthew Prior. His connection with the Treaty of Utrecht is, as Mr. Cartwright observes, matter of history; and after this there is little to add respecting his life. He died at Wentworth Castle in 1739.

The chief writers in the Wentworth correspondence are Isabella, Lady Wentworth (Lord Strafford's mother), his brother Peter Wentworth, Lord Berkeley of Straffon, Lord Bathurst (Pope's friend, and brother of Walpole's Mr. Bathurst), Lady Strafford, and the Ladies Anne and Lucy Wentworth, Lord Strafford's daughters. Of these Peter Wentworth seems to have been the most copious and indefatigable. He was equerry to Prince George of Denmark, and afterwards held some similar position about the person of the queen. It is difficult to make any selection from his letters which would not involve considerable explanation; but the following, written on that memorable July 30th when Anne lay dying, has all the interest of a record by an eye-witness:—

Dear Brother,—I came to-day from signing Articles with Mr. Fitch in Dorsetshire. I mett the unwellcome news of the Queen's illness, wch was very surprising. I got to King-senton about six a clock, and whilst I was there Her Majesty had the benefit of vomitting thrice by the help of Cardis. Dr. Alburten-head [Arbuthnot] came out and told the company of it and said 'twas the best symptom they had to day, and that she felt pain in her feet, their being Garlick laid to't wch likewise was well, and was then gone to sleep. 'Tis now nine a clock and I am come home to writ you this, but they tell me there's no judging how the decease [disease?] will turn till twelve

a clock. I overheard Dr. A—— in a whisper say 'twas ten thousand to one if she recover'd, wch was dismall to me. The Chaplains desir'd the Queen's servants that were in waiting to come and pray for the Queen, so I and three or four more was the whole congregation, the rest of the company, and there was a great deal of all sorts Whigs and Torys, staid in curiosity to hear what they cou'd pick up. The Duke of Sommerset and the Duke of Argile are in Council, wch they say they may be tho' not summon'd, for they were never formally struck out. There was a great meeting this morning at Baron Bothmar's. The Queen to day about one a clock gave the Treasurer's staff to the Duke of Shrewsbury, my Lord Chancellor holding her hand to direct it to the Duke. When he took it, he told her he wou'd keep it to resign to her again when she was better.

Peter Wentworth became somewhat incoherent as he grew older; and although in his last quoted utterance (as given by Mr. Cartwright) he expresses a determination to model himself after Steele's "Christian Hero" while he yet remains on this "terestable Glob," he ultimately fell a victim to intemperance. His mother, Lady Wentworth, is almost as active with her pen, and chatters in the most inconsequent and motherly way to her ambassador son about the home news—the pretty young ladies she designs for daughters-in-law, the last death by the smallpox, the window that the "great storm" has broken, the state of the fish-pond, the strength of the beer, and the exploits of the "cock;" but chiefly of her pets, the dog Fubs' and the monkey Pug. Her usual subscription is "Your moste infenit affectionat mother." Here is her account of a bereavement, under date of November 16th, 1708, which evidently touched her more nearly than the death of Prince George of Denmark:—

My dearest and best of children. . . . I have a moste dismall story to tell you, God forgiv me for it. I cannot help being more than I ought concerned. I shall never lov anything of that kynde a quarter soe well again. I had rether lost a hundred pd., nay all the rest of my doms I would have given to have saved poor charming Fubs, never poor wretch had a harder death. As it leved soe it dyed, full of lov leening its head in my bosom, never offered to snap at any body in its horrid torter but nussle its head to us and loock earnestly upon me and Sue, whose cryed for three days as if it had been for a childe or husband. . . . Sure of all its kynd thear never was such a one nor never can be, soe many good qualletys, soe much senc and good nature and cleenly and not one falt; but few human creeturs had more senc than that had. . . . I could write a quier of paper in her commendations. I have buiried heer in

this garden, and thear is a stone layd at her head. . . . I leiv all news and the discription of the Princ his buirying [*i.e.*, George of Denmark] to your brother.

From a passage in one of her daughter-in-law's letters it would seem that Lady Wentworth's attachment to her favorites was tolerated rather than approved by her family. But space makes longer quotation impossible, although we cannot close this notice without citing two of the children's letters which come at the end of the book. One is from the little Lord Wentworth, a boy of eight:—

Dear Papa,—Master Wallpole came to me last night wee playd at Quadarill and I won to pence at a penny a fish. The day before yesterday we went to Lord Holderness and Lady Carolina Davesy. I hope I shall see you sone in London. My cosin Lee has sent me the dormice. We have had very good weather hear—I hope you have had the same: this Letter is of my one Spilling: I am, etc.

The other is from little Lady Anne, also about eight. It is to be feared that it is not her "one Spilling":—

Dear Pappa,—I told Lady Hariote that you said, as soon as she could speak, you would send her a compliment, and she said thank you Pappa. I also told Lady Lucy and she desired me to give her duty to you and says she would have writ but her nurse would not let her. Lady Hariote desires you to bring her a Baby. Pray give my duty to my Mamma, and tell her that Lady Lucy's head is much better, and the lump that was in her head, and the kernels that was in her neck are almost quite disperst.

To avert misapprehension let us hasten to add—what Mr. Cartwright should, indeed, have told us—that "a Baby" is early eighteenth century for a doll. And here we must close these very interesting papers. We have dwelt chiefly on their domestic side, but they are full of interest to the historian and antiquary as well as to the student of human nature, and, save that they might have been somewhat more fully annotated, reflect nothing but credit upon their editor and publishers.

From The Spectator.

A BURNT FOREST.

AMONGST the forests which met their doom in the rage for inclosure and improvement which possessed reformers some thirty years ago, was the forest of Woolmer, in Hampshire. Parliament was not then in a mood to listen to any but

the narrowest considerations of economy on such a subject, and it would have been vain to appeal to the memory of Gilbert White in behalf of the forest which he knew so well, or to quote his shrewd observation that "such forests and wastes are of considerable service to neighborhoods that verge upon them, by furnishing them with peat and turf for their firing, with fuel for the burning their lime, and with ashes for their grasses, and by maintaining their geese and their stock of young cattle at little or no expense." The fiat had gone forth that forests were to be made profitable to the State, and nothing would serve but that the queen's seignory over this wild tract of land should be turned into the ownership of a large inclosure. Happily, however, it was not thought necessary to convert the commoners' property in like manner. When the crown was satisfied, they were left to do what they liked with the residue. Partly for this reason, and partly because much of the land allotted to the crown was not worth the expense of inclosure, a large tract of the ancient forest still remains in as primitive a condition as in the days when it afforded the Vicar of Selborne "much entertainment, both as a sportsman and as a naturalist." True, some of the forest ponds have been drained, and of the three thousand acres allotted to the crown, large areas have been inclosed and planted with monotonous Scotch fir. But outside these inclosures, as in the last century, there is nothing but sand, heath, and fern. Except where young, self-sown firs are spreading near the fences, there is still "not one standing tree in the whole extent." And yet the effect is undeniably impressive. A sense of wild freedom and loneliness is produced by the expanse of stunted heather, skirted by gloomy firs, and rising, in one direction, into a curious camel-backed ridge, tufted at the extremities with scraggiest, thinnest-foliaged pines. Like the other sand-hills in the neighborhood, this forest ridge, Weaver's Down, falls abruptly on one side with a tolerably even face; while on the other it breaks up into shoulders of sand, running back at right angles to the summit line, and sloping down gradually to the more level ground, with interspersed hollows and bottoms. Although Weaver's Down is of no great height, five or six hundred feet, it commands a very delightful view. To the south are the Downs, broadening out on the west into the chalk district of Hants and Wilts, with Nore Hill, over

Selborne, in the foreground. To the east are the wooded hills and fields of Sussex, and to the north the long slope of Hindhead. It is probably due to the isolation of the ridge that the wind is felt so keenly; but certainly there is on Weaver's Down a sense of exposure which is not felt on either of the much higher neighboring hills of Blackdown and Hindhead, and the severity of the wind, in fact, is attested by the ragged and ghost-like appearance of the few firs which survive in the planted clumps. Immediately beneath the hill, to give animation to the somewhat severe landscape, is a considerable sheet of water, and some warmth of foliage of oak and birch.

Early in the last century, there were large herds of red deer in Woolmer Forest, and it is said that no less than five hundred head were on one occasion driven before Queen Anne, who diverged from the Portsmouth Road at Liphook to see the sight. The deer were subsequently unconsciously poached by a notorious gang, known as the "Waltham Blacks;" and at length, to check the wholesale demoralization of the neighborhood, the few remaining were caught alive, and conveyed to Windsor. There is little life to be seen in the forest now. A few cattle crop the heather, and perhaps the wild-looking inmate of one of the few cottages in the forest may be encountered, while the "chip" of the hatchet is heard from one of the plantations. But stillness and loneliness are the prevailing characteristics of the scene.

The sombre aspect of the forest is, no doubt, heightened by a peculiarity which might well be dispensed with. Nearly the whole of the open waste has been burned within recent years, and is in various stages of recovery. Large parts are absolutely black, the only vegetation consisting of pin-points of young heather piercing the scorched surface at intervals of two or three inches; on other tracts, where the fires are of older date, a scant, short covering of heath is spreading, dotted here and there with whitened furze-stalks. Scarcely anywhere does furze, heather, or bracken attain to the height or thickness which, even in this hungry soil, would be natural to it. Such a condition seems to be not altogether novel in the forest. "About March or April," says Gilbert White, "such vast heath fires are lighted up, that they often get to a masterless head, and, catching the hedges, have sometimes been communicated to the underwoods, woods, and

coppices, when great damage has ensued." In his day, the fires seem to have been lighted intentionally, the excuse being that when the old heather was burned, young sprouted up, which afforded tender browse for cattle. Unfortunately, the fire sometimes struck so deep that it destroyed all vegetation, so that (to quote again) "for hundreds of acres nothing is to be seen but smother and desolation, the whole circuit round looking like the cinders of a volcano." No language could more accurately describe the state of a vast tract of the forest last year, and at the present time it need be but little qualified. Even to the destruction of private property, history has repeated itself, for in 1880 considerable damage was done to the inclosures of a Mr. Cardew; while in the great fire of last year, injury to the extent of thousands of pounds was inflicted upon the property of another neighboring landowner, the Rev. William Smith.

In the last century, the fires seem to have been the work of the commoners, wishing to improve their herbage. At the present day some at least have been due to the crown officials. The pretext is that it is necessary to clear the surface for the purpose of camping. But troops very seldom camp in the forest, while on the other hand, pheasants are reared in the crown plantations for the Game Preserving Association at Aldershot, and a belt of burned land is often a great safeguard against the straying of these costly birds. It is not surprising, then, that neighboring proprietors should have come to the conclusion that their property was being put in jeopardy in the interests of sport, and that they should have appealed first, to the government, and then to the House of Commons, for protection. At the far-end of the summer sittings, Mr. Sclater-Booth was enabled to raise a discussion on the subject in the House; and though the assurances of the War Office were somewhat vague, the measures which have been taken and the publicity given to the question may, it is to be hoped, at least for a time, check the recklessness which has recently marked the conduct of the officials in charge of the forest.

For the facts, as disclosed by the published Parliamentary papers, are sufficiently startling. "During the last three years," says Mr. Smith, the principal sufferer by the fire of last year, "three very considerable and many lesser fires have taken place in the forest." The first extensive fire, in 1878, was stopped before it reached private property by the exertions,

in great part, of private persons. The authorship of this fire was denied by the government keepers. The second, in 1880, which damaged Mr. Cardew's property, was at first repudiated by the forest warders, but was afterwards admitted to have been their work, and to have got beyond their control. The third and most extensive, in May, 1881, is alleged by the warders to have been the work of an incendiary; and their view has been accepted by a Military Court of Inquiry, so that Mr. Smith, whose plantations were totally destroyed, and whose house and stables would, but for the small garden surrounding them, have been burnt also, is denied all compensation. This fire extended in all over six hundred and seventy acres, three hundred consisting of crown plantations. It broke out on Sunday, May 22nd, and was not finally extinguished till the 30th, occupying a detachment of men from Aldershot, under the command of an engineer officer, a whole week. One peculiarity of the fire was that it appeared in its inception to be the natural sequel of some smaller fires, which were admittedly lit by the government officials some two months earlier, and one of which was stated by the chief warder to have had for its object the improvement and preservation of the game, as well as the clearance of the surface for military purposes. These earlier fires cleared the rough covert between two of the crown plantations, and the large fire commenced in the covert edging one of these plantations on another side. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that Mr. Smith should not be entirely convinced as to the incendiary nature of the fire to which he fell a victim. But, admitting the conclusion of the War Office to be the correct one, it is obvious that, when so dangerous an agent as fire is freely employed by those who are charged with the management of an extensive tract of open land, and that with a view, if not solely, at least among other objects, to the raising of game, it is not unlikely to be employed by the uneducated inhabitants of a wild region for other purposes, which, to them, would seem quite as justifiable. The difference between the exercise of a legal right and incendiarism becomes in such a case rather a fine one, and one which would certainly not come home to the rustic mind. The public generally will, on this subject, be disposed to sympathize with the view of the lord chancellor, himself a near neighbor of the forest, and by no means free from danger,

that "there ought to be a stringent law making those who do these things (whomsoever they may serve) criminally responsible, when they are done so as to injure the property of those who have not authorized them, either from the omission of the precautions necessary to prevent their spreading (when such precautions, if properly taken, would be sufficient), or from doing the thing at all, in any places or in any circumstances in which such precautions cannot be effectually taken." The War Office have, to some extent, admitted the propriety of this view and the seriousness of the case, by making rules for the future management of the forest. It is to be intrusted to the care of an officer of engineers, specially detailed for the purpose; broad rides are to be cut round the edges; whenever fires are lighted, the officer of engineers in charge is to be present, with a sufficient force to keep the fire under control, and all owners of property in the neighborhood are to receive adequate previous notice. Possibly, under the operation of these rules, the forest may gradually recover its natural state, but it would have been more satisfactory to know also that fires would not henceforward be lighted at all with any reference to the interests of game-preserving. In any case, it will be some years before the singular air of desolation which the district now wears will have altogether disappeared.

From The Economist.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ASCENDENCY.

AN attack of sleeplessness, induced by worry and overwork, has compelled Mr. Gladstone to abandon his projected visit to Mid-Lothian. The keen sense of disappointment and the sincere expressions of sympathy which have everywhere greeted this enforced change of plan have given a pleasant revelation of the underlying amenities which are ordinarily hidden beneath the rough exterior of English politics. A great many respectable people regard Mr. Gladstone as a dangerous and untrustworthy statesman, but that does not in the least diminish their pride in him as a national possession, or their jealous apprehensiveness of any risk that may threaten to shorten the days or impair the powers of the one man of genius who still remains to give elevation and dignity to our public life. It is told of Coleridge that when he was once con-

fronted with the revolutionary outpourings of his early days, wherein was to be found much vilification of Mr. Pitt, he declared that there had never been a time, even in the hottest ardor of his youthful passions, when he would not readily have sacrificed his own life to save that of the great minister. Mr. Gladstone exercises to-day over both friends and foes an ascendancy to which there is no parallel in our political history since the days of Pitt. In some respects, indeed, the supremacy of Mr. Gladstone is even more striking. From the beginning to the end of his public career Pitt was matched with a rival whose personal prowess was at least equal to his own. But since death removed Lord Beaconsfield two years ago, Mr. Gladstone has been without an antagonist who could encounter him on anything like equal terms. Nor has Mr. Gladstone's pre-eminence been artificially enhanced, as Pitt's certainly was, by the insignificance of his colleagues. With the exception of Dundas, the members of Pitt's Cabinets were for the most part clerks or figure-heads. The present prime minister, on the other hand, presides over an administration which is exceptionally rich in executive ability. There could hardly be a more remarkable proof of Mr. Gladstone's personal ascendancy than the comparative indifference with which the public has come to regard the composition of the Cabinet and the prepossessions and tendencies of ten or a dozen of the most capable and independent statesmen that the country possesses. The strength of the government was not perceptibly diminished by the retirement of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Forster. It has not been perceptibly increased by the accession of Lord Derby and Sir Charles Dilke. And the reason in both cases is the same. The country feels that, so long as Mr. Gladstone is there, the policy of the Cabinet, both at home and abroad, will be his policy, that there is no occasion in an administration of which he is the head for the compromises and adjustments which result from the interaction of a number of evenly matched forces, and that the secession of one man or the adhesion of another is to be regarded rather as an indication of the present bent of the premier's opinions than as the withdrawal or addition of a really effective factor in the government of the country.

There is, doubtless, some exaggeration in the popular conception of the extent of Mr. Gladstone's ascendancy. As often happens, the imagination is so much im-

pressed by the visible influence of a great personality that the invisible fetters by which its freedom is hampered and its power limited are too much ignored. Nor is the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's mental constitution and temperament, the union in him of overpowering and apparently inexhaustible enthusiasm with a ceaseless and undecaying intellectual receptiveness, sufficiently kept in view. Mr. Gladstone's supremacy is as different as possible from that of the Metternichs and the Guizots. His political method is inductive, not deductive; he is, of all statesmen, in the least degree the slave of formulas and systems, and there is probably no instance of a man of the same age, and of anything like the same intellectual powers, who was equally accessible to ideas, equally open to the lessons of experience, equally free from regret for the past and dread of the future. Mr. Gladstone's ascendancy is thus not that of one who stands solitary and isolated, dominating his contemporaries by the force of an imperious authority. It is rather that of one who, with the exceptional sensitiveness and quickness of genius, feels and responds to, and is therefore enabled to control and direct, the opinions and emotions of his fellow-countrymen.

A personal ascendancy of this kind is a rare phenomenon in the history of a nation, and it is clear that, while it may bring with it great advantages, it involves, at the same time, considerable risks. The benefits which the country has derived from the fact that Mr. Gladstone has been at the head of the government during the last three years are obvious, and could not have been attained under any other leader. The presence of a man of his genius, authority, and experience in the House of Commons has had a sobering and controlling effect at a critical time in the history of Parliamentary manners. The strong feeling of personal allegiance which Mr. Gladstone alone inspires among his followers has preserved the discipline and unity of his party under the strain of severe trials. No one but Mr. Gladstone could have persuaded Parliament to pass the Land or Arrears Acts, or could have infused into the public mind a share of his own indomitable confidence in the ultimate success of a just and liberal policy in Ireland. And, again, Mr. Gladstone alone, or almost alone, supplied the impulse which carried through the resolutions on procedure. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone's supremacy is

clearly attended with certain dangers both to his party and to the country. While there is much that is inspiring, there is also something paralyzing to the powers of judgment and initiative in the unquestioned ascendancy of a great leader over his colleagues. Nor is it altogether a good thing that the country should for a time almost lose sight of the men who must in the course of a few years succeed to the real control of its affairs. The statesmen's sense of responsibility is weakened, the people's means of judging their capacity and estimating their relative worth are diminished. And, further, the superficial unity which Mr. Glad-

stone's influence preserves in his party may become deceptive and unreal, just as we find that the removal of Lord Beaconsfield has revealed unsuspected chasms and rents in the party which during his lifetime had become to all appearance a model of perfect discipline. But these drawbacks, such as they are, are insignificant in comparison with the immense service which the presence of a great man renders to the tone of public life and the march of political progress, and there is no Englishman of any party or creed who ought not to-day to hope that Mr. Gladstone's active career may be prolonged for many years.

ROMAN CARTHAGE.—Carthage presents the solitary example known to history of a great city raised from total destruction to a splendor comparable with that of its previous condition. Three times the Romans, in defiance of the maledictions pronounced by Scipio, attempted to colonize the spot. A settlement of six thousand poor citizens, planted there by Caius Gracchus, twenty-four years after the catastrophe of 146 B.C., left behind, in the name "Junonia," only a shadowy title of abortive greatness. The project was revived by Cæsar, but interrupted, with others beyond recall, by the sword of Brutus. An effort to carry it through, made by Augustus in 44 B.C., proved futile; but a second experienced more favorable conditions, and in 29 B.C., Roman Carthage was definitively founded. Its existence was a prolonged and brilliant one. For seven centuries and a quarter it continued to be the capital, and usually the seat of government, of Roman Africa. Hardly venturing to aspire to the second place, it yet disdained to be counted as third among the cities of the empire. Its famous ports were re-excavated, and were thronged with a numerous shipping. Temples, the relics of whose magnificence still adorn the churches and palaces of Spain and Italy, rose on the old sites. Its halls and porticoes were decorated with mosaics of graceful design and brilliant coloring. Crowds of eager learners filled its schools of rhetoric and philosophy. The "bread and games" of the rulers of the world were alike supplied by the territory of which it was the centre; for the granaries of Ostia were stocked with grain grown on the fertile plains of the Bagradas, and the savage spectacles of the Colosseum

were furnished by bears and lions snared in the deserts of Numidia. The name of Genseric, according to Gibbon, has deserved, in the fall of the Roman Empire, an equal rank with the "names of Alaric and Attila." And his destructive agency was, by a vicissitude of fortune as singular as it seemed improbable, exercised from Carthage. It was not till ten years after the Vandal king had transferred, on the invitation of the unstable Boniface, his fifty thousand yellow-haired warriors from Spain to Africa, that he gained possession of that great capital. This was effected by a treacherous surprise, October 19, 439, and was followed by the systematic plunder, enforced by torture, and aggravated by enslavement or exile, of the Roman inhabitants, both of the city and its surrounding province. Religious persecution added to the devastating effects of barbarian pillage. The churches were forcibly transferred from the Catholic to the Arian worship, and the passions of the tyrant did not always suffer him to adhere to the policy of abstention from the "making of martyrs," which his cold-blooded prudence dictated. The command of the ports of Carthage and Bizerta opened to his maleficent ambition a new field of activity and destruction. His adventurous followers soon acquired all the accomplishments of practised corsairs, and his pirate fleets swept the Mediterranean amid the unresisting terror of the dwellers on its shores. The Vandal pilots had orders to steer for "the land that lay under the wrath of God," leaving it to the winds to shape the corresponding course; and the Vandal crews never failed to justify the ominous direction.

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